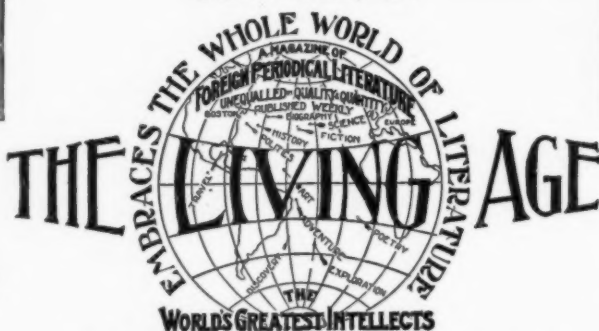




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THE SHIFTING FOUNDATIONS OF EUROPEAN PEACE.

When announcement was made the other day that the Triple Alliance had been renewed for the fourth time, the question which seemed to agitate the public mind most was whether the terms of the Treaty were or were not the same as those originally subscribed. It is now established beyond reasonable doubt that the Treaty was in no way modified, at least so far as the 1891 and 1896 texts are concerned.¹ Nevertheless, the public have remained perplexed and perturbed. Even with the Treaty unaltered, there is a vague suspicion that the circumstances of the Alliance are no longer what they were. Things are happening which did not happen when Prince Bismarck governed Europe, and although everybody is protesting that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, the thinking politician is far from reassured.

As a matter of fact, the question of the actual text of the Treaty is of very little essential importance. It is so with all treaties of offensive or defensive alliance, for no one can ever be certain that their obligations will be observed in the contingencies for which they are supposed to provide, or, that if they are not repudiated or evaded, their inter-

pretation will, at the critical moment, assume a given form. The essence of such documents lies in the motives and intentions of the contracting parties. This is all the truer of the Triple Alliance because the text of its treaty has never been officially divulged. The confidence of the public has been won by the conduct of the Allies, by their known psychology and by the fact that their cooperation, whatever its documentary basis, has been attended by a very solid preservation of the peace. Moreover, the Triple Alliance has connoted in the public mind a certain mechanism of European peace which has not always been confined to its own members. At one time it took the form of a veritable European edition. At another it presented itself as a balance of alliances. Now, to-day there are distinct signs of a change in both the psychology of the Powers and the general mechanism of peace. The Triple Alliance has been renewed, but with very ominous difficulty. The outward semblance of an equilibrium of alliances has been preserved, but with the elimination of the mechanical principle of mutual counteraction. How will this novel experiment work? What are the motives and intentions of its authors? These are the questions which are more or less consciously occupying the public

¹ It was in 1891 that the military protocols were first left out of the Treaty.

mind, and which are reflected in the popular anxiety to know whether the text of the renewed Treaty is precisely the same as its forerunners.

Suggestive material for a solution of these problems may be found by comparing the structure and aims of the Bismarckian system with the changes which, during the last eleven years, have come over the relations of the Powers and the consistent tendency of those changes.

The Bismarckian system, of which the Alliance with Austria was the nucleus and the Triplice the most striking manifestation, consisted of a European coalition to preserve the *status quo*. Its primary aim so far as its author was concerned was the isolation of France. In this respect it resembled curiously the Metternichian system which followed the settlement of 1815. This point is of importance in any study of the instinctive springs of French policy, because the persistent efforts of European statesmanship to hold France in leading strings during the whole of the last century necessarily aggravated the normal restlessness of the people and gave to French policy an aggressive bias which it has never really renounced. The success of Prince Bismarck was, however, far greater than that of his Austrian predecessor. More subtle than Metternich, he avoided the touchstone of a uniform set of principles and was content with any device and any concession to local interests and prejudices so long as the result was to attach the Powers more or less directly to his Anti-French chariot. Thus in 1884 he effectually prevented a Franco-Russian Alliance and insured himself against an Austro-Russian *modus vivendi* in the Balkans, which

would have weakened the Austrian allegiance to the Triplice, by negotiating the Secret Neutrality Treaty with Russia.² In 1887 he turned the disaffection of Italy to his own account by inducing Great Britain to come to an understanding with Italy in regard to the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, thus at once binding Italy more firmly to the Triple Alliance and formally identifying Great Britain with it.³ Ostensibly to complete the security of the Mediterranean he promoted an agreement between Italy and Spain also for the defence of the *status quo*, the result of which was to bring Spain into the orbit of the Triple Alliance.⁴ Portugal was already assured by her Alliance with Great Britain. Finally in 1886 the support of Serbia and in 1895 that of Roumania were secured by separate military conventions with Austria for the defence of the Balkans.⁵ The upshot was that in one way or another the Bismarckian Alliance against France consisted of all the other five Great Powers, together with four of the minor States—a combination which for magnitude has not its parallel in history.

Now there can be no question that while this huge combination lasted peace was absolutely assured. But if, to this extent, it effected its purpose, it did nothing to allay the passions by which the dangers to peace were animated. On the contrary, its very magnitude and completeness aggravated those passions. It added to the French consciousness of spoliation a deeply mortifying sense of isolation and subservience. The consequence was that the *Revanche* idea became gradually relegated to the background of practical politics, and in its place there arose a

² For the objects of this treaty see Bismarck's "Reflections and Reminiscences," vol. II, pp. 271, 277.

³ The terms of this understanding were fully dealt with by the present writer in the "Westminster Gazette," May 30, 1902.

⁴ See "Tribuna," June 6, 1902.

⁵ Details of these agreements are given in "Petersburger Zeitung" 2-15 February, 1902 (Serbia), and "Neue Freie Presse," August 22, 1895 (Roumania).

fixed determination to reconquer the national freedom of action. In short, to smash the Bismarckian system now became a point of honor with all French statesmen, and this has been the mainspring of all the changes which have since taken place in the European situation.

The first opportunity came in 1891. In the spring of the previous year the great Chancellor had retired from office, and his successor had found considerable difficulty in sustaining the complicated system of foreign policy to which he had succeeded. He was especially revolted by the disingenuousness of the secret Neutrality Treaty with Russia, and as it was on the eve of expiring he resolved not to renew it. The idea that this step would be followed by a Franco-Russian alliance does not seem to have been seriously entertained in Berlin. The *Neue Kurs* was full of amiable delusions, and among them were a firm reliance on the anti-Republican prejudices of the Tsar, and a naïve belief that French hostility could be killed by kindness. All the Kaiser's friendly overtures, however, only resulted in exhibiting, in a clearer and more sinister light, the irreconcilability of the French. Towards the end of June the renewal of the Triple Alliance for the second time was announced. A month later the French fleet under Admiral Gervais appeared at Cronstadt, and the conclusion of a Franco-Russian alliance was made manifest to the world.

It is curiously illustrative of the optimism which still prevailed in Berlin that when Count Caprivi was interrogated about the demonstration at Cronstadt, he said that nothing essential had been changed in Europe, "only the balance of power was re-established." He went on to explain that inasmuch

as this balance deprived the French of the grievance of isolation, the stability of the European situation had really acquired a fresh guarantee.⁶ So far as the re-establishment of the balance of power was concerned, the Chancellor was right; but one has only to read the French newspapers of the time to see that French public opinion had not the remotest idea of resting satisfied with its reconquered sense of freedom. The accumulated bitternesses of twenty-one years of humiliating constraint were not to be cured in a day, and behind them rankled not only the old wound on the Eastern frontier, but a new one in the Mediterranean, where France was confronted by an overwhelming naval coalition. The Russian Alliance was consequently regarded not as an end but as a means, and the next step was to attempt to upset the new balance to the advantage of France.

In which direction was her diplomacy to operate? Which of the allies of Germany should be the object of her disintegrating attentions? Thirteen years before, in the reactionary Presidency of Marshal Mac Mahon, her choice would have been clear. At that time it would have been possible for her to have concluded an alliance with Austria on a clerical basis, and had the Marshal remained in power there can be little question but that such a combination would have been one of the results of his policy.⁷ Since, then, however, the *Seize Mai* had made the Republic irrevocably anti-clerical. Moreover, the tension of Austro-Russian relations in the Balkans was as serious as ever, and it was largely on that account that Russia had agreed to the alliance with France. Obviously, then, Austria was not to be thought of. There remained Italy. Here the prospects were far more favorable. Growing

⁶ Speech on November 27, 1901. See Schultheiss's "Europaischer Geschichtskalender" (1901) pp. 146-158.

⁷ Chaudordy: "La France en 1889," pp. 193, 205.

financial disorder, aggravated by the disastrous effects of the tariff war with France, had evoked a widespread antipathy to the Triple Alliance in Italy. For the first time for many years, too, a Francophil Cabinet was in power. In its anxiety to conciliate France, the new Ministry had even gone to the length of insisting on a modification of the terms of the Triple Alliance, abolishing the military conventions and eliminating the causes pledging Italy to the territorial integrity of her allies.⁸ It had further taken the trouble to give assurances to Russia to the effect that in its new form the Triple Alliance in no way threatened France, and there is good reason for believing that it communicated to St. Petersburg the changes it had secured.⁹ Clearly then, Italy was the more hopeful field for the new Anti-Triplicial diplomacy of France. Thither accordingly its efforts were directed.

Signor Luzzatti recently declared that had France liked she might have come to an understanding with Italy in 1891.¹⁰ The statement is very general, and it is doubtful whether it takes due account of all the forces which at that time were still making for loyalty to the Triple Alliance in Italy. It is, however, important as showing how strongly disposed was the Rudini Cabinet—of which Signor Luzzatti was one of the leading members—to pursue a Francophil course. Indeed, but for the King and the *exigant* attitude of the Quai d'Orsay it is probable that the Triple Alliance would not have been renewed in that year. The chief impediment, however, was the arrogant state of mind of the French statesmen at the time. They saw that the Triple Alliance had worked badly for Italy. They saw, too, that the Tariff war,

which they had instituted in 1888, had struck Italy almost to her knees. When, early in 1891, M. Léon Say brought back from his mission to Venice a message from Signor Luzzatti that Italy desired to reopen negotiations for a commercial treaty and to float a loan in Paris, they imagined that they had only to give the screw one more turn and Italy would succumb. Accordingly they replied that before any commercial or financial transactions could be entertained the question of political relations would have to be settled.¹¹ Acting, it is said, under the advice of Great Britain, the Rudini Cabinet declined this proposal and two months later the modified treaty of the Triple Alliance was signed.

The opportunity thus missed did not reappear for six years. Signor Crispi returned to power and war to the knife was resumed on both sides of the Alps. Owing to the Anglophobia which had now taken a strong hold on the French populace the efforts of the Quai d'Orsay became directed more to upsetting the maritime alliance of Italy with Great Britain than to bullying her out of the Triplice. The methods, however, remained the same. Hectoring and threatening and pin-pricking were still the instruments on which French diplomacy relied for a solution; but on Signor Crispi they had little effect. When the Franco-Russian naval demonstration at Toulon in 1893 revealed the Mediterranean bias of the new alliance it was firmly answered by Anglo-Italian demonstrations at Taranto and Spezzia. The denunciation of the Italo-Tunisian Treaty of Commerce by France in 1895 gave fresh point and strength to Signor Crispi's anti-French policy. Italy, too, was rapidly recovering from the ill-effects of her Tariff

⁸ Revelations of Signor Rudini's friend, Maggiorino Ferraris, in "Corriere de la Sera," June 6, 1891.

⁹ Schulthess: "Europ. Gesch." (1891) p. 252, (1896) p. 247.

¹⁰ "Temps," April 17, 1902.

¹¹ "Berlin, Wien, Rome," pp. 129-131.

war, owing to the favorable terms she had made with Germany and Austria in the commercial treaties of 1891. It now only required some striking propitiation of Italian jingoism in the colonial domain to silence the Francophiles forever and to convince the whole of Italy that in the land alliance with the Central Powers and in the sea alliance with Great Britain all her chances of salvation lay.

Unhappily this crowning mercy was not vouchsafed her. On the bloody field of Adowa not only were Italian ambitions in Abyssinia shattered but a decisive blow was struck at the foundations of Italian foreign policy. Signor Crispi was hounded from power as the *homme néfaste* of his country and into his place the Francophil Marchese di Rudini once more stepped. The circumstances, however, were not yet ripe for a definite breach with the Triple Alliance. Its Irredentist enemies were loud and numerous enough but they were divided. In view of the still menacing attitude of France an influential section was in favor of a direct understanding with Russia. Their idea was to secure Italian interest in Austria and the Balkans as compensation for Tunis, and ultimately to lead through reconciliation with France to a great Latin-Slav combination in Southern Europe and the Mediterranean.¹² At the tacit head of this section was the then Prince of Naples, whose antagonism to his father's policy had been accentuated by his contemplated marriage with Princess Helen of Montenegro. With the anti-Triplicial forces thus paralyzed, with France hostile and Russia not yet approached and with a great national humiliation ringing in the ears of the nation, the friends of the *status quo* found an opportunity to assure the country against an immedi-

ate change in foreign policy. Pro-Triplicial elements were introduced into the new cabinet and when Germany astutely proposed the renewal of the alliance for seven years, the overture was accepted. For a moment, indeed, public opinion was persuaded that the renewal was a precious set-off against Adowa, inasmuch as it demonstrated to the world that in spite of her misfortunes Italy's rôle in Europe had been neither effaced nor diminished.

It was, however, only for a moment. Within a few months the movement against the Triple Alliance was stronger than ever. Even while the renewal was being negotiated the Francophiles in the Cabinet had found means to strike a serious blow at the Mediterranean understanding with Great Britain and thus to let France know that their sympathies were still with her. There had been difficulties between the Crispi Ministry and Lord Salisbury in regard to the Abyssinian campaign. As soon as Signor Rudini returned to power he published three Green Books in which, side by side with documents designed to discredit his predecessor, he printed all the confidential despatches which had passed between London and Rome. This was done without seeking the previous permission of Downing Street,¹³ and the documents were so framed as to make it appear not only that this country was grudging in its friendship for Italy, but that the delays and hesitations of Lord Salisbury had been largely responsible for the disaster at Adowa. It is impossible to account for this gross violation of diplomatic etiquette—especially in the light of surrounding circumstances—except by the hypothesis that Signor Rudini was resolved to discredit the Anglo-Italian understanding in the eyes of his countrymen. A few

¹² For an account of this idea see "Revue Politique et Parlementaire," February 10, 1901.

¹³ Statements of Mr. Balfour (June 5, 1896)

and Mr. Curzon (June 11) in House of Commons.

weeks later, owing to its discordant elements, the Cabinet resigned, and Signor Rudini was able to reconstruct it on frankly anti-Triplican lines.

This time the Francophilism of the Italians fared better than in 1891. Both in Russia and France—and no doubt in France through Russia—it was recognized that the chance of detaching Italy from her allies was too good to be played with. Events in the Balkans were becoming more favorable for Russia. Bulgaria had submitted to her, and Servia was for the moment at daggers drawn with Austria-Hungary. The betrothal of the Italian Crown Prince to a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro—the most Russophil and the most ambitious of the Balkan Chieftains—opened up an alluring vista of an extended Latin-Slav combination. Prince Lobanoff, who was then Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, was a man who knew an opportunity when he saw it. The last great act of his life was to establish firmly the starting point of the new European situation. Before the end of the year the policy of the Rudini Cabinet had amply justified itself. Within a month of the betrothal of the Prince of Naples the Tunisian question was settled by direct negotiation between Rome and Paris. In October the Princess Helen of Montenegro became Crown Princess of Italy and less than five weeks later, thanks largely to the good offices of Russia and France, an honorable peace with Abyssinia was signed.

The Dual Alliance now had the ball at its feet. Everything depended upon the way in which it was managed. At this moment France was fortunate in finding a man to represent her in Rome who thoroughly understood the great game to be played, and who possessed in a remarkable degree the subtle qualities by which victory might be secured. This was M. Camille Barrère. Although he had been in the diplomatic

service for seventeen years he was not of the profession. It must indeed be a source of some mortification to professional diplomatists that the two men who have done most to undo the work of Prince Bismarck, after so many duly qualified professors had failed, were both ex-journalists. M. Barrère first studied foreign politics as a writer for newspapers. While a Communal refugee in London the *Manchester Guardian*, I believe, sent him to Germany to report the Berlin Congress. There he made the acquaintance of M. Waddington who introduced him to Gambetta and for some months afterwards he was on the staff of the *République Française*, sharing the same desk with another amateur diplomatist who was destined for great things, M. Théophile Delcassé. M. Freycinet made him a Secretary of Embassy, and after a year passed at the Quai d'Orsay learning the routine of diplomacy he set out on his travels. His promotion was rapid. When in 1894 he was appointed to succeed M. Arago at Berne he was the youngest ambassador in the *Annuaire*, but his mastery of all the problems confided to him, the soundness of his judgments and the tenacious and—in Mr. Chamberlain's sense of the term—unscrupulous activity with which he pursued his ends marked him out as one of the most valuable servants of the Republic. It was not, however, until he reached Rome that his combative *finesse* found a fitting theatre.

From the beginning M. Barrère recognized all the dangerous futility of the bullying policy of his predecessor. He saw that if the Italians were to be won, they had to be convinced that France was indeed their friend, and that this could only be accomplished by caresses, by judicious sacrifices, by deferentially humoring their grievances against their allies and by tempting their ambitions so far as they did not conflict with those of his own country.

The caresses came first. From the moment of his advent in Rome he beamed upon everybody with the most charming amiability. A few months later his old brother journalist of the *République Française*, M. Delcassé, became French Foreign Minister, and then the opportunity presented itself of showing that the caresses were translatable into practical kindnesses. Towards the end of 1898 the Tariff war went the way of the Tunisian conflict. A commercial treaty was signed in which solid concessions were made by France.

The chief and obvious sources of irritation were now removed from Franco-Italian intercourse. France had reconquered almost all her old popularity in the Peninsula, and M. Barrère was free to address himself to the larger questions of policy which determined the rôle of Italy in the European balance of power. His choice of campaign was characteristic of the astute intelligence of the man. To attack the Triple Alliance directly was to blunder against influential prepossessions, and to concentrate men's minds on certain practical necessities of Italian policy, which it was desirable to keep in the background. Moreover, the Alliance still had five years to run, and it was impossible to foresee what might happen in that time. A more promising field was afforded by the Italian understanding with Great Britain. This, indeed, was the key of Italy's position in the Triple Alliance. The circumstances under which it had been negotiated had just been made public by Signor Frassati, a henchman of the senator Chiala, and it had been shown that but for it Italy would have left the Alliance in 1887.¹⁴ Since the disclosures of the Abyssinian Green Books in the spring of 1896, a cloud had settled on Anglo-Italian relations, and somnolent Downing Street

had done nothing to disperse it. The new British Ambassador, Lord Currie, was less supple and expansive than his French colleague, and it was not difficult to insinuate that his deficiencies were due to want of sympathy with Italy. These elements of the problem suggested but one solution, and M. Barrère worked towards it with all his skilful energy. People now began to recall that the Salisbury-Waddington compact in 1878 had been the origin of the Tunisian trouble. The fortification of Biserta, they querulously declared, was all the fault of Great Britain. They were persuaded by some subtle whisper that but for their desertion by their English ally they need never have surrendered their rights in the Beylick.¹⁵ At the same time their anti-English grievances in regard to Abyssinia became daily more accentuated. So sensitive became public feeling on the subject of the alleged apathy and even perfidy of Great Britain, that when the thoughtless and ill-managed adventure at San-Mun came to a humiliating end, the blame was very generally laid on her shoulders. The culmination of this intrigue came early in 1899, when Great Britain and France settled their differences in the Eastern Soudan.

This transaction is strikingly illustrative of the conditions of the diplomatic struggle then in progress in Rome—the disingenuous alertness of France, the somnolence of Great Britain, and the credulous sensitiveness of the Italians. British and French ambitions had come into conflict on the Upper Nile, and it became necessary to delimit the sphere of each. The object of France was to get some sort of an access to the Nile; the object of Great Britain was to exclude her altogether from the Nile valley and the countries formerly tributary to Egypt. Ultimately the question

Britain and France and Italy were signed within a few days of each other.

¹⁴ "Nuova Antologia," October, 1897.

¹⁵ There was no foundation for this impression. The treaties between France and Great

was settled by a line drawn south-west and south from the limits of Tripoli proper, which gave to Great Britain all she wanted and left France free to do as she pleased with what remained.¹⁶ The result was that although Great Britain did not actually recognize French dominion in the Hinterland of Tripoli, she virtually gave her a free hand in that region. Now, ever since the French occupation of Tunis, the ambitions of Italy in Northern Africa had all been concentrated on Tripoli. She had watched most zealously the movements of every French exploring expedition in the interior, and had vainly tried to persuade Great Britain that the Mediterranean understanding of 1887 ought to be interpreted as applying to the *status quo* of the Hinterlands of the states bordering on the sea as well as to the states themselves.¹⁷ The abandonment to France of the back-country of Tripoli, under the Italian agreement, consequently aroused a storm of indignation in Italy. That this was altogether justified will not be pretended by any impartial student of the transaction. The *status quo* in Tripoli had been scrupulously safeguarded; the Turkish claims to the Hinterland had never been recognized by the Powers;¹⁸ Great Britain had consistently refused to acknowledge that under the 1887 Understanding she had contracted any obligations towards the *status quo* in the North African Hinterlands, and finally the dividing line did not recognize either French rights on the west, or British rights on the east, but merely laid down a barrier beyond which both Powers agreed not to acquire "territory or political influence." None the less the concession to France,

such as it was, evinced a deplorable unconsciousness of the true nature of the diplomatic peril by which Great Britain was confronted in Rome. It would have been quite easy to have introduced a few words into the Convention reserving Turkish claims in the Hinterland, and had this been done all trouble would have been avoided. The omission of such words convinced Italian statesmen that the interests of their country were a matter of absolute indifference to Great Britain, while by the general public the transaction was regarded as a betrayal only comparable to the French invasion of Tunis.

The opportunity thus afforded M. Barrère and his astute chief at the Quai d'Orsay was not allowed to escape them. When they were interrogated about the agreement by the Italians they manifested the most naïve surprise and the most touching sympathy. They had not the remotest idea of taking advantage of their Latin neighbor. The fact was that in dealing with Great Britain, who was the ally of Italy, they naturally imagined that Italy had been consulted and that it was with her consent that the Hinterland of Tripoli had been abandoned to them. Was not the blunder reasonable? Could France with her lofty notions of loyalty recognize that Great Britain would act otherwise?¹⁹ Since, however, she was mistaken she would do her utmost to put matters straight, and forthwith she gave the most positive assurances to Italy that whatever else she might do in the Eastern Soudan she would not interfere with the trade routes between Tripoli and Central Africa. Lord Salisbury hastened to give an assurance to the same effect, but it was too late,

¹⁶ "Documents Diplomatiques" (Déclaration du 21 Mars, 1899), see especially pp. 8, 9, 10, 12, 19, 20.

¹⁷ Article signed "Un Ex" in "Tribuna," June 6, 1902. See also "Westminster Gazette" article by present writer, August 6, 1902.

¹⁸ These claims were set forth in a note

from the Porte dated November 30, 1890. The note has, I believe, never been published, but its effect was given to the Italian Chamber by the Admiral Canevaro on April 24, 1899.

¹⁹ See statement by M. Delcasse in "Giornale d'Italia," January 2, 1902.

besides being obviously superfluous. The mischief was done and even when Great Britain added an assurance that she had no desires against Tripoli proper the Italians had become too suspicious to attach any value to it. With the death of King Humbert in the following year the last obstacle to the final renunciation of the Anglo-Italian understanding was removed. The new King, as we have already seen, was of the Irredentist school and his hopes were centred in Russia and France. In his view it was only through them that Italian aspirations in the Eastern Adriatic could be realized and Italian interests in the Mediterranean safeguarded. In April of last year the establishment of closer relations between France and Italy was manifested by the visit of the Italian fleet under the Duke of Geneva to Toulon. A few months later a Mediterranean agreement was concluded between the two Powers by which France left Italy a free hand east of Tunis, and Italy made a similar concession to France to the west of Algeria. The Anglo-Italian understanding of 1887 was at an end.²⁰

In the light of this rapid survey of the leading diplomatic events of the last eleven years, it is now possible to measure with some approach to accuracy the transformation which, during that period, has come over the European situation. Although the Triple Alliance has been once more renewed, scarcely anything remains of the old guarantees of peace. The Bismarckian mechanism is crumbling on all sides. The European coalition against France was destroyed in 1891. The

Balance of Alliances which succeeded it is now on its last legs. The Mediterranean understanding between Italy and Spain has gone the same way as the similar agreement between Italy and Great Britain.²¹ In the Balkans both Servia and Bulgaria have become Russophil, while the military convention between Austria and Roumania has become little more than a meaningless document owing to the inability of Roumania to maintain her defences in a state of decent efficiency.²² But the most serious signs of decay are in the Triple Alliance itself. Italy has signed the Treaty, but in doing so she has made it quite clear that her affections are given to the common enemy and that should the *casus federis* ever arise, she would interpret her obligations in the sense of her inclinations.²³ It is probable, indeed, that she would have given up the Triplice altogether and formally joined its rival last month, if Russia could have been induced to give her the same pledges in regard to Albania and the captive Italian provinces in Austria that France had given her in regard to Tripoli. Even as it is, however, her place in the Triple Alliance no longer possesses a practical *raison d'être*. She joined it originally as a protest against French clericalism and French aggression in the Mediterranean. Neither of these dangers exists for her any longer. She is practically the ally of France in the Mediterranean, she is secure on her western land frontier, and as soon as Russia agrees to secure her on her eastern frontier, she will give up even the pretence of being a member of the Triplice. In the light of these circumstances,

²⁰ "Ibid." This is the only account which has been given of the Franco-Italian Agreement, but it is authoritative. See also speeches of M. Barrere (January 1, 1902) and Signor Prinetti (December 14, 1901). For an important avowal that the Anglo-Italian Agreement is at an end see article by "Un Ex" in "Tribuna" already quoted.

²¹ "Un Ex" "Ibid."

²² "Roumanian Finance" (Clowes, 1902), pp. 10, 16.

²³ Statement of M. Delcasse, "Temps," July 3, 1902. See also article on "L'Accord Franco-Italien," "Temps," July 10, 1902.

the significance of the recent visit of the King of Italy to Russia is no longer obscure.

The change which has thus come over the Bismarckian mechanism of peace would be of little consequence if the motives and intentions of the Powers to whom preponderance in Europe is now passing were the same as those of the old coalition. This is not the case. The Bismarckian mechanism made for peace because it was a coalition of the Haves; the coming combination will be an alliance of the Have-nots. Russia, France and Italy are all Powers with grievances to avenge, with lost provinces to redeem, with disturbing ambitions to realize. This is strikingly shown by the revival of the *Revanche* idea in France and by the fact that whereas the old understanding between Great Britain and Italy provided for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean the new agreement between Italy and France frankly con-

templates partition in Northern Africa. Hence we must be prepared in the near future, if not for an actual catastrophe, at any rate for an era of instability and unrest. It is true that all the Powers are still deeply penetrated by the terror of war, but the Have-nots among them are no longer deterred by the certainty of defeat in the event of war. Hence they will be less consistently conciliatory in the future, less prudent, less averse to dangerous intrigues and to adventures of the Fashoda type.

The moral so far as Great Britain is concerned is contained in Prince Bismarck's watchword: "Toujours en vedette!" If this watchword could become the common property of a new and sane Pan-Germanism, reaching from Berlin to London and perhaps thence to Washington, something effective might be done towards reconsolidating the foundations of European Peace.

Diplomaticus.

The Fortnightly Review.

IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The geographical regions which were the principal objects of exploration during my journey in Central Asia in 1899-1902 are indicated on the accompanying map. It will be seen that I endeavored to avoid travelling over again routes where other explorers had been before me.

1. The River Tarim from the Environs of Yarkand to its Lower Extremity.—This river has been mapped out on about 100 sheets, on the scale of 1 : 35,000, large enough to display all the characteristic and changing features of the stream. The alluvial de-

posits, which have been laid down in the bed of the river since the current dwindled, as well as every accumulation of mud and every sandbank, have all been indicated. So also have every angle and curve of the bed which the stream has now abandoned; and wherever it has been possible to do so I have noted the time at which these desertions took place. I have ascertained that throughout the whole of its course the stream shows a tendency to shift its bed to the right—that is, to the south. It is especially on that side—namely, the right—that the main

stream sheds off its numerous arms or secondary channels, and it is a very common occurrence for the river to follow, for longer or shorter distances, first one and then another of these auxiliary arms; and the tendency increases in frequency the nearer the river approaches its terminus, and is most extensively developed immediately before the terminus, where, instead of emptying into the ancient lake of Lop-nor, it now goes on past it and forms the lake of Kara-Koshun, further to the south.

Throughout the journey I was accompanied by native hunters and shepherds; but as soon as each man's local knowledge came to an end he was dismissed and another guide engaged in his place. Every name given to the stream was recorded, every channel mapped, and the diverse characteristics of the country adjacent to the banks, the graves of saints, the towns, the shepherds' camps, the fords that connect the highways on each side of the river, the lagoons and lateral lakes, the boundaries of the sand-deserts, and so forth—all were noted and plotted out on the sheets of the map. In this way I gathered a mass of material for a minutely detailed monograph upon the course of the Tarim, and the conditions which characterize this the greatest river in Central Asia. In fact, the map is so detailed that with its help it would be possible to construct a profile of the river-bed—at all events to form a clear conception of its structural formation. A number of astronomical positions were determined for the purpose of fixing and controlling the longitude and latitude. Every day, or at least every second day, the volume of the stream was measured instrumentally; it was found to vary very considerably during the course of the journey. This, however, is neither the place nor the time to dwell upon the causes of this changeability in the levels of the river. Indeed, throughout the whole of its

course the conditions of the Tarim are more complicated than would be presupposed, and not a year passes without the channel undergoing very considerable changes.

A large number of photographs were taken all through the journey; meteorological observations were recorded three times every day; and the self-registering instruments used for this purpose were employed throughout the whole of the day.

2. The Desert between the Lower Tarim and the Cherchen-daria.—This part of the desert of Gobi, which had never been visited before, was crossed from Karaul to Tattran (north of Cherchen), and proved to possess an entirely different conformation from the desert of Takla-Makan. The sand, which is heaped up in dunes that go to over 300 ft. in altitude, is not continuous, but is interrupted by tracts of perfectly level soil entirely destitute of sand. In the southern parts of the desert small patches of tamarisk and *kamish* (reeds) were met with occasionally, and in such localities water can be obtained by digging down to 6 ft. or 7 ft. in depth.

3. The region between Cherchen and Andereh.—This consists of a narrow strip of *tograk* (poplar) forest and steppe, lying between two sand-deserts on the way from Cherchen to Keriya. The more southerly of these deserts is of no great extent. The region itself is watered by certain of the streams which flow out of the Kwen-lun mountains.

4. The Lower Course of the Cherchen-daria.—The regions on both sides of this river were explored, and it was ascertained that the Cherchen-daria also shifts and changes its bed.

5. The Lower Course of the Tarim between Yanghi-köll and Kara-Koshun.—This part of the course of the Tarim is the most intricate and the most difficult to disentangle of any section of the entire system; accordingly I devoted

several independent excursions to its exploration. For example, I was at work there in February, 1900, in the end of April, and the beginning of May, 1900, and again in June of the same year, and each time I adopted a new route and travelled along different branches of the river, all of which were mapped. The contours here are so flat that the stream is subject to the greatest changes, and the current is continually seeking out new channels. At my last visit the little settlements which have grown up on the banks of the river since the Chinese created the Lop region a separate administrative district were in danger of being deserted by the stream, and the inhabitants were considering the advisability of building dams to retain the water. How far they will be successful in this the future will determine, but the likelihood is against them.

The tendency of the Tarim to form lateral or marginal lakes begins as high up as Yanghi-köll, where I had my headquarters from December, 1899, to May, 1900, as well as an observation station, at which my self-registering instruments were uninterruptedly at work. Between Yanghi-köll and Arghan the right bank of the river is accompanied by a chain of long lakes bordered by sterile sands, with sand-dunes as much as 300 ft. or more in height. The lakes are elongated, and stretch from north-north-east to south-south-west, and are in every instance continued by a series of depressions penetrating into the heart of the thick masses of sand. These depressions, which the natives call *bayir*, consist of a clay soil without a particle of intermingled sand, and, except for a few sparse patches of *kamish* and tamarisks close beside the Cherchen-daria, are absolutely barren. The discussion as to the origin and construction of these depressions must be reserved for another occasion. The sand-dunes turn their

steep sides towards the west, whereas on the east they mount up more gradually and by a step-like formation to the summit, which is usually 300 ft. to 350 ft. above the general level. This arrangement can only be due to one cause—winds from the east.

The greater part of the lakes which thus accompany the right bank of the Tarim were mapped and sounded during the summer of 1900. It is impossible here to enter into fuller details with regard to the labyrinth of lakes, marshes, and collateral river arms which constitute the changeable delta of the Tarim. In fact, it would be labor in vain to attempt to do so without a general map, and a general map can only be constructed when the cartographical material which I have brought home has been digested, a task that will require at least three years for its completion. The lakes which I mapped on the occasion of my first journey—Avullu-köll, Kara-köll, &c.—still remain of the same dimensions and keep the same positions; but a number of fresh lakes have been formed in the same region. In fact, the lower Tarim seems disposed to change its course entirely.

6. The Position of Lop-nor.—This interesting problem is now solved. The ancient historical Lop-nor is situated precisely where Baron von Richthofen considered that it had been discovered; but its basin is, of course, now dried up. On its northern shore I found ruins of towns, settlements, and temples, as well as a number of manuscripts, letters of local origin, and tablets of tamarisk wood written on with Chinese script, and dating from 264 to 465 A.D. Further, I discovered on the same northern shore of the ancient lake unmistakable indications of a great caravan route. With the view of ascertaining definitively and thoroughly the contours of the region, I made in the spring of 1901 precise levellings

throughout the whole of the lake basin, and the result showed conclusively that the former Lop-nor and the present Kara-Koshun lie practically at the same level, and are only separated from one another by an insignificant swelling of the ground. Kara-Koshun, however, shows a decided tendency to return to its former situation—a large lake which took me four days to travel round having been formed to the north of it. This new lake is fed by several new streams issuing out of Kara-Koshun, and carrying a volume of not less than 1,000 cubic feet in the second.

7. The Mountain Chain of Astyn-tagh from the Meridian of Charklik to Anambar-ula.—This mountain chain was crossed and explored in several different places during the course of the year 1901, and the result of my investigations shows that the chain is a double one, not, as shown on our maps, single.

8. The Desert of Gobi, west of Sachou.—This was journeyed across from the south to the north in January, 1901. It consists of the following belts or sections:—accumulated drift-sand, clay terraces, carved by the wind, and *kamish* steppe. Then follow the low hill ranges which form the eastward continuation of Kurruk-tagh; there again we discovered traces of ancient caravan roads.

9. Eastern, Central, and Western Tibet.—This mountainous region of Central Asia was the particular object of my interest during this my last journey, in that I had made up my mind to explore as much of it as I possibly could. To this end I made several separate excursions into Tibet. Profiting from the experience learned in my former journey through the same region, I deemed it expedient to travel with a smaller caravan of perfectly fresh animals, and as small a quantity of baggage as might be, and so planned my expeditions that I was always able to go back to my base or principal camp,

where the various members of my caravan, human and animal, were, from time to time, able to rest and recruit themselves. In this way I was always able to start with a fresh caravan, thoroughly rested and vigorous. My first expedition was made in the months of July, August, September, and October, 1900. Starting from Mandarlik, beside Gas-nor, I travelled due south as far as 33 degrees 45 minutes N. lat., thence west, north-west, north, and north-east, until I came back to my starting-point. A large part of the caravan, including one man, perished under the incredible hardships which are incidental to journeying in these lofty regions, destitute as they are of every species of vegetation. On both the out journey and the return I had an opportunity to cross over the various mountain chains encountered, and clear up the orographical structure of the Kwen-lun and the complicated mountain system of Northern Tibet. The positions of a large number of salt as well as freshwater lakes were determined, and their waters navigated by boat. At the same time I took a number of interesting soundings, the greatest depth measured being 157½ ft. The topographical results of this excursion were embodied in a map of 150 sheets.

My second expedition started from the same base. Its object was to complete the mapping of Northern Tibet, especially of the mountains to the north of Kum-köil. This lake also was sounded. These Tibetan lakes are dangerous to navigate in a small open sailing-boat; to do so is always attended with a considerable amount of peril.

But my principal and longest journey through Tibet began at Charklik on May 17, 1901. The route I selected went first up the valley of the Charklik-su, then on to Kum-köil, and over the Arka-tagh. After that I struck a line between the route followed by Little-dale and that followed by Prince Henri

of Orleans and Bonvalot, and penetrated southwards as far as 33 degrees 45 minutes S. lat. There the caravan encamped, whilst, accompanied by two attendants, and in disguise, I made a perilous journey as far as the vicinity of Tengri-nor. There we were closely examined, and compelled to return to the caravan, though the Dalai-Lama's emissaries treated us with the greatest respect and politeness. A second attempt to penetrate south from the same camping-place was frustrated at Selisy-tso by a force of 500 horsemen.

After that I directed my course westwards to Leh, avoiding both Nain Singh's and Littledale's routes. This journey cost me the lives of two men and of almost all my animals. The baggage animals were yaks, which were everywhere placed at my service by command of the Dalai-Lama. The results of this last journey in Tibet are recorded on a map of 370 sheets.

Whilst the survivors of my caravan were resting at Leh during the winter of 1901-2, I took a run down into India, and shall ever retain a lively recollection of the hospitality and kindness which were shown to me by Lord Curzon at Government House. In Bombay, also, I was welcomed as if I had been an old friend by Lord Northcote, and in every city I visited in India the English people vied with one another in their friendly office towards me. Nor can I withhold the expression of my admiration at the brilliant way in which England has for more than a century administered that vast Empire.

In April I broke up from Leh, and, crossing the Karakorum Pass, went down to Yarkand; thence travelling *via* Kashgar and the Caspian Sea, I returned to Stockholm, where I arrived on June 27, 1902. The successful issue of this journey, which lasted altogether three years and three days, was in great part owing to the circumstance that his Majesty the Emperor of Rus-

sia most graciously appointed an escort of four Cossacks to attend upon me throughout. Than these I have never had more honest, more capable, or braver men in my service. Whilst I was absent on my excursions I always left my headquarters camp under the charge of one or two of them, and always had my confidence justified by finding everything in perfect order on my return.

My first journey of 1893-97 has been regarded as marking an advance in the knowledge of the geography of Central Asia. The last journey of 1899-1902, from which I have just returned, has yielded results three times as rich as those of the former journey, and in the course of it I have been enabled to lift the veil which for a thousand years had hidden vast stretches of the mountainous and desert regions of the heart of Asia. My cartographical material extends to no less than 1,149 sheets, and if these were arranged end to end in a long row they would stretch over a distance of 1,000 feet. This material I hope it will be possible to publish, either with the help of public funds or by private support. It will then constitute a mine of detailed information about certain of the central regions of the great continent which have never before been trodden by any European, and very often by no Asiatic either. This cartographical material is controlled by 114 astronomical determinations of place. For making these I used an altazimuth theodolite and three chronometers.

A complete meteorological journal was kept without interruption throughout, in part during my expeditions, in part also, and simultaneously, in my principal fixed camps, where a barograph and a thermograph were in constant operation. The abundant materials thus gathered in are now being worked up by Dr. Nils Ekholm, and will in due time be published, along

with the meteorological results of my first journey. I took also over two thousand photographs, using for this purpose an English camera and English-made plates, and the results leave nothing to be desired. Anatomical collections of the higher animals were made, including aquatic animals in spirits, and a herbarium was brought together. All these materials will be studied by experts. The geological profiles of Tibet will be illustrated by some seven hundred rock specimens collected in that region. I have also brought home a number of archaeological treasures from the ruins we discovered in the desert, amongst them several objects of extraordinary interest; and I made, further, a great quantity of sketches, diagrams, and draw-

ings, to illustrate various features appertaining to the provinces of physical geography. In a short *résumé* such as this it would not be possible even to indicate the great variety of different observations which are embraced under this heading. It must suffice to mention the measurements made in the basin of the Tarim, upon which a vast amount of time was expended, but which supply the essentials for deducing the hydrographic character of that river system.

For the present I have my hands full with the preparation of a popular description of my journey, which will be most copiously illustrated. The scientific results will be published later on in a work especially intended for scientific students.

Sven Hedin.

Geographical Journal.

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS.*

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

II. MY FIRST SCHOOL.

I was under six when I was sent to learn the alphabet of a school-master who taught in an orphan-asylum, to whose class-room were admitted, as day pupils, the children of certain well-to-do families who paid a tuition fee. I went quite readily: for novelty has ever attracted me. If nature had given me strength to keep on as I began I should, perhaps, have become something remarkable. The master was a man of about fifty, lame, clean-shaven, be-wigged, the very picture of an old barber, but of high spirits withal. He was meditating matrimony at that very time, and a little later, took to wife a girl of twenty who brought him days

of radiant happiness, during which he would stand upright, balanced with a certain stork-like grace upon his sound leg and apparently regarding the other as rather a good joke. He was not a cultivated man, but he had a keen and open intelligence; he knew how to teach,—a virtue very rarely possessed by teachers, and he made school pleasant. To teach nomenclature he had himself made a great number of maps on which were drawn and painted in brilliant colors fields and streets, interiors of houses and work-shops, and scenes illustrating all the trades where were represented many figures of men and animals. Those maps seemed to me master-pieces of art; I remember them with wonderful distinctness; and they made upon me an impression of

*Translated for *The Living Age*.

such keen delight, that never since, in all my life—Pardon me, oh Raphael!—have I received from painting such thorough satisfaction.

Down the school-room, long and bare as any barrack, stood side by side two rows of roughly made desks, one for the day-pupils, the other for the children belonging to the orphan-asylum, who all wore a costume of gray cloth. The distinction was not confined to seat and clothing but extended also to the treatment received from the master, who drew a further line between the day-pupils belonging to the first families and those of the lower middle class. His voice, all bitterness for the paupers took on a shade of consideration when he addressed tradesmen's sons, and became honey to "gentlemen born." He used to box the ears of the first, shake the second by the arm, and never lay a hand on the last. I belonged to the shaken division. Among the un-touched—How plainly I see him!—was the son of a banker. All the others regarded him with the deepest reverence and of him was told the legend that at home he used to play "War," building his forts of crown-pieces, and representing besieged and besiegers by silver francs, while their officers were Genovese gold coins, and the artillery lighted matches of the first quality. His mother was a handsome woman, who used to visit the school every now and again, dressed in the height of the fashion. Concerning this lady the oldest of the boys in the asylum used to make under their breath certain comments which I only understood years later. Then at last, it became clear to me why the poor little fellow used to cry at times over certain jokes, which had then seemed to me only laughable. There was, beside, the son of a judge of the police-court. He used to threaten often that he would have me arrested, and I

remember a little incident in which he played a part. One day he was attacked by one of the children of the asylum, and the master, seizing the latter by the ear and shaking his head violently about, screamed in his face, "Don't you know, don't you know, misguided wretch, that he is the son of a Judge?"—*O tempora, o mores!* The little lame old man would give the same tweak—or maybe a harder one—to the ear to-day, but he would not accompany it by the same phrase.

I do not remember how long it took me to learn to read. I fancy that I expended no more time on the process than people do to-day after fifty years of pedagogic progress. But I remember well how, one Sunday morning at home, one of my brothers put a reading book before my eyes to see how much I knew, and that he was astonished to find I could read almost without hesitation. He told my father and mother who were greatly surprised and delighted. I was delighted too by this official acknowledgment that I had left the ranks of the illiterate, but for a reason of my own,—a delusion from which I had a speedy and rude awakening! I had fancied that it was only necessary to be able to read the words it contained in order to find amusement in the perusal of any book whatsoever, as I saw grown people do. In this illusion I took down that very day at hazard a book in my father's library and began to read. It chanced to be the *Della Tirannide* of Alfieri. I read a half page, then re-read it and was surprised and disgusted to find it as absolutely unintelligible as if it had been Hebrew. I couldn't understand it. "Why is this so?" I asked myself. "It is written in Italian, I know how to read, but I can't tell what it means." I fancied I might have stumbled upon a difficult book and tried another,—Giovanni's *Primato*. Worse and worse!

Then at last I began to see how long a road I had still to travel before I should reach the Promised Land of Literature; and, discouraged, I left my books and ran to play, never confessing my mistake which I vaguely felt had been ridiculous. But a few days later, I had a ray of comfort. The porter-gate-keeper, who had come to our house to fetch away a piece of furniture, caught sight of a book lying on one of the tables and pronounced its title aloud, to show me that he knew how to read. But what he said was *Opere Scelte*.¹ I corrected him: he accepted my arguments and thanked me. This afforded a balm to my vanity and enabled me to hold my head erect once more and return with confidence to my "studies."

My studies were interrupted by a long journey;—a journey which remains in my memory like a splendid vision. I went with my mother to Valenza where one of my sisters had exalted me to the premature dignity of uncle. I preserve from the journey a confused picture of unknown villages framed by the windows of the car or the diligence. There are great empty spaces of time and place which I fancy correspond to certain long and mysterious intervals of somnolence, and between these various details of no earthly importance, stand out with startling clearness. It may be a cat I saw on a roof as we passed or a bit of red cloth fluttering from a window, or the mere movement of the shadows of unseen men, and the distant sound of unknown bells, of which the recollection still renews in me the feeling I then experienced of being very, very far from my home and my school. One of my clearest memories is that of the eager curiosity with which I gazed about me when we left the train at the station of Alessandria. I fully expected

to see on the horizon a sort of Great Wall of China, an enormous, intricate mass of bastions and machicolated towers, which would stand out against the sky like an Alpine range, and display the mouths of a thousand cannon and the bayonets of a whole army of sentinels. I believe that my mania for wandering up and down the earth took its origin in the extraordinary hitherto unknown experiences of that journey. I remember how, from first to last, my mother was every moment compelled to restrain my impatience, clutch me by the arm when I sprang to the window and hint that I should lower my voice, when I shrilly proclaimed my opinions to the amusement of our fellow-travelers. And it is not only the pleasure I then experienced which has led me to believe that no money is more judiciously expended by parents on the education of their children than that spent on their travels, but still more because I remember perfectly (and my people have corroborated the fact) the great impetus which that short journey gave my intelligence, so that, when I was back in school again, I gained more in one month than I had done before in several. And in the same way ever since, after every journey I have been conscious of a re-enforcement of all my mental faculties, a repetition of that experience not infrequent in youth when we recur to the thought of what we were but a short time before, with a feeling almost of compassion for a being so obviously our inferior,—whom we have left so very far behind.

The day on which I returned to school remains ineffaceably stamped upon my mind. Before the master came in, the boys of the Asylum told me that the day before, one of their and my fellow-pupils, Giacinto by name, had died, and they asked me if I would like to see him. Heedlessly, I answered "yes," and under the guid-

¹ Instead of *Opere Scelte*—Selections.

ance of one of the boys made my way to a ground floor room, where lay the body with uncovered head. That white immovable face, whose glassy eyes glared with an expression of superhuman amazement, made upon me so profound an impression of terror and dread that during the whole school session I understood nothing of what went on about me, and when I was home again, I forced down my food in silence, in dread of discovery should I fail to eat. But ever before my eyes was the vivid image of that face,—solemn, mysterious, terrible, like that of a spectre which rose from the earth wherever I turned my gaze. My mother perceived my state of mind and finally by her inquiries succeeded in drawing the truth out of me. She reproved the curiosity which had led me to seek such a sight; but presently her talk took another turn and she began to enlist my pity for the poor boy, dead in an Asylum, with no father or mother and perhaps with no memory of either, with no loving care, no one to be sorry he was dead, who would be buried with no flowers on his coffin and be forgotten by all. These words roused in my heart a feeling of compassion and tenderness, which if it did not utterly obliterate at least mitigated my horror and covered it as with a veil; diverting my thoughts to another channel. The white face now wore another aspect, filled me with grief rather than terror and was, as it were, idealized by the aureole of misfortune. But all that day I avoided being alone, and when night came I wanted my mother to stay beside me till I fell asleep, repeating to me those words of love and pity which had softened the stark phantasm of death and hidden it from my eyes.

I was kept for nearly two years at that school, which I rather enjoyed, thanks to the good sense of the master and thanks as well to the pedagogic

fashions of that day, which seem to me to have been much better adapted to the cerebral capacity of the average child than those of the present time. It was toward the end of the second year that I began to read and understand certain books. The first deep emotion which came to me from my reading was that aroused in me by a certain chapter of a good little book called *Giannetto*, in which the small protagonist, who has run away from home, finds himself, after various adventures, alone in the fields when night comes on, is overwhelmed by fear and repentance and finally discovered by his people and taken home. I remember that I trembled and wept as I read, and then closing the book, went and twined my arms about my mother's neck, vowing that never, never would I risk the perils of so tremendous an adventure. But a child's mind is a curious thing, which can receive in quick succession equally strong impressions of a diametrically opposite nature, and marvellous is the power of all fiction over the childish imagination! The second book I read was the *Life of a Bandit*, an old book that I routed out of the depths of our library at home, and which afterwards disappeared to my great regret. For a hundred times, in later days, the impulse seized me to re-read it, because of the deep impression it had made on me as a child. I do not remember to what country or what century belonged this gallows-bird, who roved o'er mountain and forest, robbing and garrotting, and who, by means of his marvellous strategy, always came off victorious from his conflicts with our brave soldiery. I only remember that I conceived a passionate devotion for this hero; that his wild and wandering existence seemed to me so absolutely blissful that I secretly formed the plan of "taking to the road" as soon as I should be old enough, and that this dream so

wrought upon me that from my chamber window I used to scour the countryside with my gaze, determining the direction of my flight and deciding which of those lofty mountain-heights should be the scene of my first brigand bivouac, and, perchance, of my first encounter with the state authorities. Ah, how great would have been the anguish of the author of *Giannetto*, could he only have read my thoughts.

But at the very height of my criminal enthusiasm, there befel me an adventure which caused me utterly to renounce the noble career of which I had dreamed. We had at home an old yellow cat of which I was extremely fond and which used to go to sleep every evening upon my lap. One day I took a notion to put him in a leash like a dog and take him to walk. So I tied a cord about his neck, taking care to make a solid knot, which could not slip, or be uncomfortable. But hardly was the knot tied when the cat got away from me and I did not catch a glimpse of him again all day. Next morning, as I played in the garden, I saw his back among the branches of a tree. He looked as though he were crouching, ready to spring on a bird. I called him, he never moved. I crept under the tree where I could see his face, and a shudder ran through me, for he was dead. As he had made his way among the branches the cord had twisted round and round his neck like a serpent and strangled him. Filled with grief and terror, I rushed to my mother and confessed my crime, weeping and imploring her not to tell my father, with whom the cat was a great pet. My mother forgave me and promised to say nothing. The cat was buried in secret and I was betrayed by no one. But it was a terrible moment when my father suddenly broke out at table "What's become of the yellow pussy? We never see it now-a-days." No more

terrible to the first fratricide can have been the divine words, "Where is Cain thy brother?" My conscience proclaimed me an assassin and I could not endure my father's gaze, which seemed to me to read my inmost heart. I pretended to feel sick so as to escape from table, and shutting myself in my chamber flung myself on the bed, a prey to anguish and remorse. The *Life of a Bandit* lay on the light-stand, and at the sight of the book a wholesome thought occurred to me:—a doubt, namely, whether my faintheartedness would ever permit of my devoting myself to the poetic profession which I had chosen. I meditated long upon this problem. And my final conclusion was as follows:—"No. You, who have been so tremendously overcome by the death of a cat, which you did not kill with your own hands, would never have courage to murder *carabinieri*." The words in which this thought expressed itself were more tender of my self-love than these, but such was its purport. And from that moment I renounced the career of a brigand and became once more *Giannetto*.

It was on an evening of the same year that my kind father, still unconscious of the tragedy of the cord, took me for the first time to the theatre, where a poor company was giving Molière's *Tartuffe*—I forestall the objections of the scrupulous. The comedy did no harm whatever to my infantile purity, because I did not understand it in the very least. One only phrase aroused my attention when *Tartuffe*, twisting his neck and clasping his hands, said to the lady, "You wield your own weapons." All the theatre broke into a laugh, for which I could see no reason, since the actress appeared to have about her neither daggers nor pistols, and I asked my father, "What weapons?" He smiled, pulled his moustache through his fingers and

after a brief hesitation replied,—“By weapons in this case are meant beauty, grace,—attractive manners—” I was not much the wiser for his answer. But the theatre seemed to me a scene of enchantment, with its triple tier of boxes, the chandelier, the foot-lights and above all the drop-curtain, which represented a popular revolt against a feudal Baron of the Middle Ages. The comedy appeared to me a mere accessory to these marvels, and as we came out, I made my father laugh by the enthusiasm with which I exclaimed, “Oh, what a good time I’ve had!” My kind father! Though denying himself many things, he supplied us with amusements of every kind, and when my mother called his attention to the expense, he used to answer, “Oh, poor children! Let us make their lives as pleasant as we can. Who knows what the future has in store for them? Let them at least have happy memories of their childhood.”

But all that year every pleasure which came to me from my father was troubled by the image of the poor *micio* who by his tragic end had recalled me from a course of crime and blood.

III. QUI, QUAE, QUOD.

I was only seven when I began Latin in the public school:—in *Prima Grammatica* as the most elementary course in the Gymnasium was then called. I was too young; and I hereby take issue with all those fathers who are insane enough to spur their boys on through the school-grades by leaps and bounds. As if true success in this world were not dependent upon a number of incalculable and inevitable accidents, both external and internal—far more influential than the dubious advantage of having finished one’s secondary schooling a year or two in advance of others. My father was no victim to this mania. He only wanted to try an experiment and the experiment had to be aban-

doned. Nor can I affirm that it did me any great harm, though my unripe age made those first three years of Latin,—albeit the language was somewhat less difficult to me then than now!—a needless martyrdom.

I thought it like a barrack when I first entered it—that big schoolroom packed with boys, many of whom were three or four years older than I, and looked to me like men; while the teacher’s desk, of pulpit shape, and towering above the benches like a feudal castle above the huts of its dependent village, aroused in me feelings of reverence and awe. The professor was a man of about forty, of grave and aristocratic physiognomy, always wrapped in a great gray frock-coat, with something of the air of an unfrocked priest, who used to make us say a prayer in unison at the beginning and end of every lesson, and even,—though the Statute had been in force six years!—between the different declensions. He had a heavy hand which often fell upon his pupils but, as in the case of my first master, more often upon the ill than the well-dressed. Save for his penchant for beating, he was a good fellow and had a good method of instruction, but it was beyond his power to make the stomach of seven and a half digest Latin. That whole year is to me a confused memory of thankless toil, of troubled dreams and tears. My single cheerful recollection is of the professor’s birthday, which it was then the fashion to celebrate in all the secondary schools by a joint present for which the pupils began their preparations a whole fortnight in advance. That year the gift was made in a most absurd fashion which is worth describing, as illustrating the scholastic fashions of the day. We each subscribed thirty cents and bought a *pan di Spagna*, I don’t know how many bottles of *Barolo*, and a great bouquet of flowers. At our last

meeting—held on the street—our collector-general, the son of a tavern keeper, announced to us that eight cents of our funds were still on hand, and what was to be done with them? The opinions were many and the discussion long. Finally we accepted by a unanimous vote the luminous suggestion of our apothecary's boy, who remembering that the professor had a cough of ten days' standing, proposed that we should complete our gift by eight cents' worth of gum-arabic. The testimonial was presented by the school *en masse*, after having been carried through the streets in broad daylight—*coram populo*, like the Sacrament. At the head of the procession went the *Pan di Spagna*, borne uncovered by the tallest boy in the class; then came a boy with the bouquet raised aloft like one of the Pope's peacock fans, then eight or ten more boys, each with a bottle in his hand; and finally the gum-bearer, with a noisy following. As we paraded the principal streets, people paused to look at us, remarking aloud "Those are the scholars of Prima Grammatica, taking a birthday-present to Professor So-and-So." It was a silly performance, and the thing is much more discreetly managed now-a-days. A few individuals are selected, from the fathers, rather

than the sons, and political soft-sawder has taken the place of gum-arabic. But the best remains to be told. The scene of the presentation itself was touching. The professor's wife was there. All our offerings had been made, the professor had delivered his little speech in which he exhorted us to display our affection for him by application to our books rather than by bottles of Barolo and we were on the point of departure, when the "gum-bearer" who had forgotten to offer his gift, made his way to the fore, and handing out the package as it had been the key of a city, said with solemnity "*Signor professore*, there is this, too." Then perceiving that he was not understood, he added in all seriousness, "For your cough, *signor professore!*" Oh, it was an occasion!—And for several days thereafter I remember that our Latin was less of a burden, and that the distribution of blows was entirely suspended. But *pan di Spagna* cannot accomplish all things. The next week *qui, quae, quod* was upon us again, with all the harshness of the old régime. It began once more to rain cuffings and impositions, and the apothecary lad was forced to admit that even gum-arabic will not avail to alter the course of human affairs.

Nuova Antologia.

(To be continued).

A MATTER OF ART.

In Treporth, Art was spelt with a very large capital letter. Not that the Treporthians loved Art for Art's sake. The case, indeed, was quite the contrary, for the fisherfolk constituting Treporth's aboriginal community regarded with carefully disguised scorn the painters who paid them good coin of the realm to act as models, the visi-

tors who came from afar in search of literary material, and the tourists who, following in the train of the others, ransacked the picturesque tumble-down houses of the little town in search of "bits" of old furniture, crockery, and curios.

From the material side, however, Treporth quite saw how Art was money

in its purse or in the stocking-heels and in the cracked teapots which were the equivalents thereof. The trouble was that the boom could not last; and old Sarah Samble voiced the general opinion as she held forth on the subject to Mrs. Mary Hancock, her next-door neighbor.

"'Tis not tu be denied," she said as the two conversed from their adjoining doorsteps, "that them artises comin' tu Treporth have been better for us nor the biggest shoal o' pilchers the boats ever fetched tu harbor. I've a sold my poor dead man's uncle's clock, that's been under the bed we slept on this twenty year, for five goolden poundses."

"An' Johnny Friday, o' wouldn't ha' gone above five shillin'," commented Mrs. Hancock.

"That 'e wouldn't. 'E says last time I had it out, 'Put a hammer through her, missis,' 'e says, 'an' I'll give three pennies the pound for the old brass in she.' An' I've gotten ten shillin' apiece," the old woman went on, "for them chiney cups an' saucers was left by my mother's cousin Martha Anne Toms; 'sides as much for a broken carved chair frame as the chicken roost on in the yard. An' you, Mary Hancock," she concluded, "must ha' done nigh-hand as well?"

The other nodded. "Middlin' ways," she acknowledged curtly, not being a woman of many confidences.

"But what I sees," Mrs. Samble continued volubly, "be that none o' us has got more than them artiss people'll buy; though why they won't take the good new gilt-and-green tea-set I has, in place o' them other done gimcracks, beats an honest woman tu tell. Now, I've naught left fitty for them, savin' that old cloam jar my sister's husband's brother brought from I-taly, an'"—

"You ain't got call tu complain, same as some," her neighbor interrupted, "for you 'm got Jenifer. They 'm all for makin' her pictur', an' pays her well

for sittin'; though, by what I see, she's mostly took standin' up."

"An' I won't have Jenifer long neither," retorted Mrs. Samble grumblingly. "See her there now a-talkin' tu a furriner; she'll be goin' off soon, sure enough."

The speaker nodded towards where, in the sunshine on the other side of the narrow street, a young man, evidently a "commercial," from the sample-case he carried, stood talking to a tall, handsome girl, attired in the picturesque costume common to Treporth's women-kind.

"Her might du worser," remarked Mrs. Hancock, with evident reference to the girl's companion. "That there Mr. Biddley she'm wi' be traveller for t' big makers as the shops gets their cloam from. He must do good trade, for he does be here constant—'specially lately."

"Look at that now!" ejaculated her friend; "an' me not knowin'—Jenifer bein' that close. I be goin' tu have a talk wi' he."

She moved out and down towards where the couple stood.

"Jenifer!" she called shrilly as she approached them, "why be 'e a-standin' clatterin', chatterin' there, when Mr. Vanholt be 'specting of 'e. The gentleman wouldn't keep 'e if 'e knawed."

The girl tossed her shapely head indignantly at this pointed reproof, but walked off; and her grandmother turned to the man.

"Maids take a deal o' huntin' after," she commented in casual fashion; then, more earnestly, "Come 'e in along now, an' taste my guseberry; 'tis a comfort-in' liquor of a hot day."

Biddley accepted the invitation with alacrity.

"That I will, Mrs. Samble," he said heartily. "I've often heard the fame of your wine."

Which was scarcely the case. 'However, when it was placed before him

on the table of the tiny parlor, he not only swallowed the condiment as though he liked it, but further sacrificed veracity by saying he did so.

"You'm in the cloam trade?" queried his hostess when she had duly acknowledged her guest's commendations.

"Yes," the man replied, "with the Pekin Patent Pottery Company—biggest people in their line in the country. A good berth I have," he added in what seemed an unaccountable outburst of confidence.

"See that now!" exclaimed Mrs. Samble, "an' me just dyin' to get a 'pinion concarnin' this jug—'tis fair providential, as they says up tu chapel."

She stretched out her hand as she spoke, and took from behind the window curtains—where it was placed in view of the street—a gracefully wrought vase of antique shape. Its very simplicity and the purity of its outlines proclaimed its age, and the visitor examined it with interest.

"What might that be worth, now?" the old woman asked. "A friend-by-law o' my sister's, bein' a sailor, fetched it from I-taly."

"Maybe a sovereign," returned the young man. "It looks to be a curious old piece. But I'm only a salesman," he added apologetically, "not a connoisseur."

"I knows you can't be sure," returned his hostess, making a bold effort to comprehend the last word; "but, though you'm in the cloam trade, I misdoubt you'm nowadays skilled in it. Mr. Vanholt—a real American gentleman, as is paintin' Jenifer's pictur'—he offered me three poundses no fuder back nor yesterday for she."

"For the vase?" queried Biddley amazedly.

"Not for the maid," retorted the old woman somewhat tartly; "but what I said to Mr. Vanholt I says to you; I've been 'customed-like to see the jug

there, an' I won't take no money for it, unless so be I can get another the same—cheap."

She looked at Biddley; and Biddley, with something of a smile about the corners of his mouth looked at her. And so for a space there was silence.

"I could," the visitor said slowly at last, "let you have a vase which no one in Treporth could tell from this, for half-a-crown—on one condition."

"If you'd make the pair four shillin'," responded Mrs. Samble, "it might be an order to you."

"We wouldn't quarrel about that," the traveller answered a little impatiently, "provided I had the promise of your good word with your granddaughter."

"Lawks a-mussy!" the old lady cried, her hands going up with simulated astonishment. "Be you after Jenifer, then?"

"I love her, Mrs. Samble," Biddley answered with obvious earnestness; "and if she'll have me, I could make her comfortable as my wife."

"Jenifer will please hers'n," she said; "an' it'll not be me will stand in the way of 'e. But I'll look for a three-penny luck-money off them pair o' jugs."

To which modest proposition the suitor agreed with an outward willingness hardly in keeping with his unexpressed opinion of the old woman's greed.

The vases, however, duly reached Mrs. Samble by parcel post; but no person save the recipient knew of their arrival, for she had specially stipulated that the package should bear no outward indication as to its contents or sender. The reason for this might have been found during the next visit of Mr. Cyrus Vanholt to the old woman. The American was a bright youth of twenty or so, the only son of a rich father, and as such possessed of more money than experience. He was supposed to be

studying art in Europe, and had drifted to Treporth in the track of one of its most advanced exponents.

"I've been a-thinkin'," Mrs. Samble said to him on the day of the arrival of the parcel from Biddley, "that if you could see your way to six poundses for that jug I wouldn't say but I could do wantin' she."

Vanholt was standing beside the window and took up the vase referred to.

"I reckon you're on top at a deal, Mrs. Samble," he laughed; "but, as I want the thing, and think it real old Etruscan ware, I must pay the price."

He drew a handful of notes and gold carelessly from his pocket, and laid the amount on the table. Jenifer, who was standing by, opened her soft brown eyes in astonishment.

"If you'd come across the pond," remarked the visitor, who was watching her, "I guess you'd find dollars a deal more freely handled than in this old rookery."

"I wonder you stay in it," retorted the girl, stung by the implied reflection upon her native place.

"Can't you guess why?" he returned swiftly; but as she turned away her flushed face without answering, he went on.

"Can you come to the studio now?" he asked in more business-like tones. "I want to get that purple-black tint in your hair, and calculate the light is just right."

Jenifer understood nothing of tints; but to be paid for sitting still was, in her view, much preferable to scrubbing her grandmother's floors for nothing. Therefore she concurred, and the pair went off, Vanholt bearing the vase.

To his surprise, when he performed the wholly unnecessary duty of escorting Jenifer to her home some hours later, another, and identical, vase occupied the place of honor in the window.

"I found un in t' cupboard," Mrs.

Samble explained as she saw him look at it. "You can have she, an' welcome, if you'd like a pair."

For answer the young man drew out his money and paid down the same sum as before; then, carrying the vase, he made his way back to his rooms, meditating deeply. And next day, when he passed Mrs. Samble's window and saw the prototype of his previous purchase again there, he smiled knowingly.

"Sure 'nough!" exclaimed Jenifer's grandmother as she ushered Vanholt into the parlor, "'tis surprisin' how things be found when a body b'ain't lookin'. See now ef I didn't go fetchin' another of thiccy jugs out o' t' old cloam oven."

"And I guess you're a seller?" queried Vanholt.

"I'm noways anxious," responded the other quickly.

"I'll take it at that," returned the artist; "and I reckon I'd best show my hand, Mrs. Samble," he went on, his face full of boyish eagerness. "I'll take as many of these vases—which are not all Etruscan, I'll bet—and no questions asked, if you'll get Jenifer to marry me."

If Mrs. Samble had had any anticipation of such a declaration, she concealed it well.

"Patience have us!" she exclaimed with astonishment. "You'm not serious, Mr. Vanholt. The maid be no wife for the likes o' you."

"That's my lookout," he retorted. "All I want from you is your good word. I've asked Jenifer, but she sits on the fence—won't say one way or another. You'll do what you can for me, won't you?" he pleaded.

The wooer deemed he had found the old woman's weak spot by his offer to purchase the vases, and was disposed to congratulate himself upon the delicacy with which he had taken advantage of it, whilst refraining from complaining of the trick played upon him.

And certainly Mrs. Samble's attitude strengthened these beliefs.

"Jenifer should be proud, sure 'nough," she said simply, "and if so be as anythin' I say can persuade her tu be made a lady o'—why, in course I'll say it. And, seein' you'm wishful for more o' them jugs, I'll try tu find 'em for 'e. I knows a man as goes that same I-talian v'yage reg'lar—maybe he has some by him."

Thus, for the time being, all parties were satisfied. As Mrs. Samble put it later on to Mrs. Mary Hancock:

"I du believe," she said confidentially, "'tis not onpossible tu find cloam fitty for them artises, for all the ways of 'em be past findin' out. I'll tell 'e the saycret some day, Mrs. Hancock."

It was Biddley who prevented the fulfilment of this neighborly promise. He had willingly supplied one pair of vases at a price below cost for the sake of ingratiating himself with Jenifer's relative; but when the order was repeated weekly—which was the extent to which Mrs. Samble's conscience permitted her, as she herself supposed, to plant them upon the willing Vanholt—the traveller felt his pocket unduly touched, and combined business with pleasure by unexpectedly visiting Tre-porth, to put the price-matter right and renew his suit.

When he knocked at Mrs. Samble's door it was Jenifer who answered him, and he persuaded her to accompany him into the parlor without calling her grandmother.

"You must know, my dear," he said lightly when they were alone, "what has brought me back. I could not live without seeing you, Jenifer—I really could not. You'll give me a plain answer this time—won't you?" he urged more seriously.

There was a look of her ancient relative about the girl as she answered.

"If you mean whether I'll marry you," she began boldly, "I shall"—

This was enough for Biddley. He tried to pass his arm round her waist; but as she shook herself free the door opened to admit Mrs. Samble, ushering in Vanholt. He had just called, and the old woman, supposing his errand comprised the customary purchase, was talking volubly, regardless of his silence.

"I has another for 'e," she was saying, "an' the ter'ble trouble I've had tu find un you"—

She stopped short, perceiving the other visitor; but her presence of mind did not forsake her.

"Marnin', Mr. Biddley," she resumed after a momentary pause, and with a look of intelligence to which the traveller responded blithely. "You'm come about the jug too, same as this gentleman? But 'tis promised to be, and I never goes back on a promise."

"You are a bit out, Mrs. Samble," Vanholt broke in, with a glance towards Jenifer in which anger and reproach mingled. "I hold stock enough in your goods, and called to tell you so."

The girl stooped to whisper into her relative's ear, and the old woman gripped her hands together in wrath.

"You'm said 'No' tu Mr. Vanholt!" she ejaculated shrilly. "Patience have us! Are 'e 'spectin' the king on his throne tu wed 'e, maid? Are'—"

It was Biddley who interrupted this outflow of anger.

"Not the king, Mrs. Samble," he said suavely, "but your very humble servant, whom Jenifer has just made happy by promising to marry him. As for the vase, of course I'll take it back willingly, and the others too."

Of the three answers which this speech called forth that of Vanholt was the loudest.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "so you are the drummer for the imitation Etruscan ware. Of course I knew all but the first were modern; but I didn't

calculate you were in the running for the lady," he added bitterly, "at what must have been a big profit off the thirty dollars each I paid."

"I had no profit," the irate Biddley snapped back. "My price was four shillings a pair."

"An' Jenifer," interpolated Mrs. Samble, simultaneously with the American.

"And not Jenifer," the girl succeeded at last in saying. "When you came in, grannie, with Mr. Vanholt, you interrupted me as I was telling Mr. Biddley here that I shall not marry him. Harry Sponson"—here she colored hotly—"that's home on leave from the *Thunderbolt*, asked me last night, and I said

Chambers's Journal.

'Yes' to him. We're to be wed as soon as he's made a petty officer."

* * * * *

"I be feared, Mrs. Hancock," said Mrs. Samble next day to her neighbor, "that I can't give 'e that saycret; but I'll tell 'e this much, that them artises doesn't pay big money for cloam and sich-like for itself, but for what they gets by it. I be goin' tu sell no more tu none o' 'em; I've a-gotten my share, and Jenifer, seein' her be makin' a marriage I thinks well on, 'll have my money when I'm gone. So if you, Mrs. Hancock, or the rest in Treporth, likes tu sell old rubbitch tu the artises, you'll not find me in your ways. I allus likes tu be neighborly."

HISTORY AT VERSAILLES.*

(Conclusion).

We resume our promenade through the apartment of the Dauphin. We had come to the threshold of the last hall, the one which ought to be called the ante-room of the Revolution. Almost all the portraits which hang here were painted between 1774 and 1789. After that fatal date, the condemned will make their appeal to posterity from higher up,—under the very roof of the Chateau. In order to complete the series, and trace through their subsequent agitations the destinies of these princely children and youth, we must climb to the North and South attics, especially the latter, where are gathered together those who saw and had part in the great Revolution. The visitor is earnestly requested, when he comes out of these rooms, to climb the staircases leading to that limbo which crowns the summit of the royal Cal-

vary. Up there, and in sundry other parts of the palace—Halls of the Empire, and the Restoration—he will meet again these same youthful faces, under the tragic masks they will subsequently wear. He will be able to trace, in their features, the development of the drama, whose obscure shadow he has already seen brooding above these heads devoted to the avenging gods.

For the present however, and for the convenience of our little talks, we will take no account of the tiring ascent our people will have to make after 1789. We will merely go up into the attics, now and again, for the sequel to some career, begun in the society of the ground-floor.

We left King Louis XV sitting to Drouais, for that portrait of which the lifeless look is that of one already gazing upon nothingness. He was attacked by small-pox at the Trianon but

* Translated for The Living Age.

came back to the Chateau to die. "The moment the breath was out of his body," we read, "every one fled from Versailles. The remains were hurriedly enclosed in a double coffin of lead, which hardly sufficed to smother the strong odor of the pestilence, and the few priests who kept watch in the *chapelle ardente* were alone compelled not to abandon the corpse of the king. Two days later it was taken to Saint-Denis and the funeral procession was more like a train laden with rubbish which must be speedily gotten rid of, than the last rites of a monarch." (Benzval). At midnight, escorted by grooms, the infected vehicle was driven swiftly over the road. The gleaming torches roused the curiosity of a few observers, who broke out into jeers and insults. Such was the funeral chant which accompanied to Saint-Denis all that remained of Louis the Well-Beloved.

At the palace, as we learn from a sight of the accounts, there were bargainings and white-washings, and a purification of all the rooms which might be supposed infected. There was, in fact, a general cleaning out of the places and things associated with the late reign. The Du Barry was packed off to the Bernadines of Port-aux-Dames, and her whole following—d'Anguillon, Maupeou, Terray—was ignominiously expelled. Will honesty and respectability really become the mode, once more? Popular expectation quite throbs, in the healthful breeze which has been set blowing through Versailles. What may not be expected from our young Dauphin with his excellent disposition and dignified manners, and from the adorable young Dauphiness, who wins all hearts? A real Queen, at last, instead of those vile favorites! No more the victimized wife, whose type seems to have become fixed among us—a forlorn foreigner, the mere sullen perpetuator of a dynasty,

"by whom the King has had ten children without ever having addressed her as many words"! No more a tiresome feature of royal etiquette, but a sovereign lady, loving and beloved, who will wear the diadem with grace, resume the power so long usurped by courtesans, and use it generously and beneficently. New rulers, for a new age! For the age has indeed undergone a brisk transformation. None save the very oldest habitués of Versailles hold out against the change in public sentiment, wrought by that wonderful magician Rousseau. At his bidding the heart now carries it over the intellect, sensibility over gallantry, the joys of nature over the fascinations of society. He has even pieced up a code of morals, of a certain kind, not very gratifying to the theologians, but still, a system of ethics—almost a religion. The strong breeze of this revival has penetrated even the palace, where Jean Jacques never set foot. Let us hasten into the Hall of Louis XVI. Everything leads us to suppose that we shall find it radiant with the light of a new dawn.

Alas, how quickly is the illusion dispelled! It was only a twilight glimmer after all! The past weighs too heavily upon the youthful Court. It is too late for a *renaissance*, too late for anything—even for a blundering kind of honesty, and a goodness which borders on weakness. In vain do the new currents of thought uplift and carry away the outside world. All they can do at Versailles is to arouse a superficial enthusiasm, and slightly to modify the style of dress, the amusements and pageants in vogue, the *menus* and the operamusic. They are powerless to change the hearts and brains once fashioned in the debasing mould of this royal abode. Abandon the hope of comprehending the world as it is, and the lives of other men, all ye who have been born here! There should have been carved on the

façade of the great palace some such *variante* as this, on the sentence read by Dante above the gate which divided the living from the

. . . gente dolorosa
Ch' hanno perduto il ben de l'intelletto.

Before proceeding to an examination of the portraits let us take a look at the *genre* pictures. Olivier in 1766 represented the favorite princely diversions with a precision of detail which enables us completely to reproduce the gay life in which those amiable triflers were brought up. Here we have their supper:—a supper given to the Comedians of the Temple by the Prince de Conti. The great folks are seated at the first table, on a platform raised two or three feet above the general level of the floor. Around the lower table, which is laden with fruit and sparkling with crystal, the young women of the Comedy chatter and twang harp-strings. Another banquet is given by the same Prince de Conti in the park of the Isle-Adam to a young foreigner of distinction, who chances to be none other than the Duke of Brunswick, the future Generalissimo of the Coalition. Fair ladies are seated upon the green turf round about, lavishing their smiles. A few years later Brunswick will be returning these courtesies at Coblenz. It is the fatal supper of Cazotte which ought to have been depicted in this hall. Here is one of the guests, invited to that banquet.

The Duc d'Orléans, Philippe, Egalité, in the grand robe of the Saint-Esprit, embroidered with tongues of flame. The splendor of his costume, and his generally magnificent air cannot disguise the essential baseness of the person. His features reek vulgarity and a certain malignity. They are in the oblique look and the retreating forehead—the forehead which, like that of so many of his colleagues in the Con-

vention, looks as though it had been shaved by a blow of the axe. The smiling youthful figure, with the prominent nose, is that of the Duc de Bourbon—who will one day be cut down from the window-fastening where he had hanged himself. Near him is the Duc d'Angoulême—the utterly insignificant shadow that he will always remain,—a creature so pitiful that misfortune will not even deign to assign him a rôle in the tragedies to be enacted by his comrades. Next comes a pretty boy, in a pink waistcoat and pale green coat. There is a look of astonishment in his big eyes. Have they then pierced the ceiling, and caught a vision of the coming days? For, in the room above this there is a picture representing a bed with blood-stained sheets, and a family weeping about a fatally stricken man—all the horror of the night of February 13th, 1820. The pretty boy is the little Duc de Berry. Do you see the spot on the light-green coat where the knife of Louvel will go in? The mark of an evil destiny is also plain to be seen on that other childish head with its aureole of melancholy grace, painted after the manner of Greuze in ashen gray. It is the Duc d'Enghien—wanted at Vincennes.

But you are looking among his cousins for the baby-martyr, the little Dauphin, who will be known by Europe as Louis XVII. He is in the South Attic and I hope he will yet be brought back to his own apartment. He is there in the shape of a marble bust and there is not in the whole Museum a more affecting object. This bust, of which the nose and chin have been restored, was flung out of a window of the Tuileries during the sack of the tenth of August. One of the attacking party—a shoemaker—picked it up and carried it to his place: and to soothe his hatred of the Capet family he took a notion to hammer his leather upon the little marble head

which still retains the scars inflicted by this process. Thus, while the living infant was being tortured to death by the shoe-maker Simon, with no previous collusion his image, or, as the old Egyptians would have said, his double, underwent the same brutalities in a cobbler's shop. Truly our most ingenious dramatists must own themselves vanquished by the great Historiographer who can devise coincidences like this!

An amateur discovered the little Dauphin's bust and, after various wanderings it found a resting-place in the Museum of Versailles. Happier than the original, it came back to its birth-place, where its wonderful adventures set the visitor a-dreaming.

Several of the young folk here represented will have a longer and less lugubrious course, though beset by sharp turns and many pitfalls. Here we have two portraits of the Comte de Provence; one by Drouais, the other by an unknown artist. "Take care!" the keen and crafty features appear always to say—especially to his sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette. Monsieur could ill dissimulate his hatred of an elder, who was able to knock him down, though vastly his inferior in intellectual gifts. He considered his brother *non-compos*, impotent, hardly fit to live. At the age of twenty, in a circle of princes mad for pleasure, his mature mind made its calculations, checked off possible accidents, eagerly coveted the throne. When Marie Antoinette became a mother his sly ambition seemed defeated. Monsieur, and his Piedmontise wife, enraged at the sterility of their own union, never forgave the *Autrichienne* that tardy *accouchement* which they had almost ceased to dread. Then what spite! What low trickery! The whole existence of this pair—or rather of this trio, for Balbi espoused all the grudges of his friend—became one cabal against

the Queen. The most virulent of the pamphlets which defamed her issued from Monsieur's own press. Patience! This headlong and indecent ambition was prophetic too. Thanks to the black draught of the executioner, François-Xavier will one day ascend the throne. But he will come down from it, kicked off by the heel of the returned Elban prisoner—an incident which is also commemorated in this marvellous Museum, upon a highly dramatic canvas of Baron Gros; and who would recognize the elegant youth depicted by Drouais, in the gouty monster, his legs all bandaged under their gold-buttoned gaiters, swept out of the Tuileries along with a torrent of other fugitives, by the quivering light of a few torches, on the night of March 19th, 1815?

Not far from the astute Provence, we recognize the light, frisky, fascinating head of his brother Artois, quite as dangerous to his fair sister-in-law, though in a different way, as that dagger-in-the-dark, his elder. The devotee of pleasure would have been much surprised, if that Cagliostro, who knew everything and whose portrait confronts his own, had addressed him like the witch in "Macbeth": "Hail to thee—who will be king hereafter!" The last King of his line! Up above, where the transformation scenes of the future are all set forth, there is a huge canvas by Gérard, representing the pompous coronation at Rheims. Good-natured Artois, now a white-haired old man, adjusts his crown, flanked by two Marshals of the Empire. And then Holyrood, and Goritz, and the pillow and the grave of an exile! We noticed in a former chamber, among the guests of Louis XV, two young Stuarts, handsome and pensive, expelled from their island home, and tossing in a shipwreck without end. The young folk we are now studying will be the Stuarts of

the next generation. The room where we are opens into a gallery, where the portrait of another young man cannot fail to give us pause. While the Court artists were busy with their great canvases at Versailles, the amateur pencil of a military comrade was roughly sketching, during a visit they were making at Tournon, the features of a youthful lieutenant from the garrison of Valence. The features are barely indicated—the thin, fine profile, with long locks of straight hair falling like sticks over the hollow cheeks—and the inscription reads: "Mio caro amico Buonaparte Pontonini del. Tournone, 1785." This is the first portrait of Napoleon. He is merely waiting in the gallery until the princes go up into the Hall of the Revolution.

Were we not right in saying that history should be studied from the life, on the spot where it was made, and among the images of its chief actors?

The mere juxtaposition of these images can move the heart more than the most eloquent orator, or the most inspired poet. The cicerone needs but to name these portraits in passing; after that they will speak for themselves. You embrace them in one look, and the pageant of the old time is reviewed in its total magnificence, to the imagination of all who can conceive the connections, the contrasts, the mysterious entanglement of all these destinies. Even so, and before it exists for ourselves, may the spectacle of life universal present itself,—I speak reverently,—at one glance and upon one plane, to the omniscient thought which designed the vast performance.

The line of predestined victims is continued by a beautiful portrait of the great financier Foulon. What complete satisfaction with life is expressed in that face! It fairly reeks

the superb content of great wealth and gratified vanity. Seated before a sumptuous desk, with a broad red ribbon across his chest—for he is secretary of the Order of Saint-Louis and wears the great cross—Foulon already saw himself Controller General, a post which Bezenval tells us he was dying to hold. Fate had reserved for him another sort of elevation, after a few years' delay. Pursued by popular fury to his Chateau of Morangis, he took refuge with his neighbor Sartines. But the peasants of Viry discovered the man who wanted to make them "eat grass," and haled him to Paris on a cart, with a necklace of nettles, a thistle in his button-hole, and a bundle of hay strapped to his shoulders. "Foulon à la lanterne!" His elegant bureaucratic head will traverse Paris on a pike, disheveled and disfigured. Chateaubriand saw it from the window of his hotel in the Rue Richelieu.

Is there such a thing as an epidemic of catastrophe, which is bound to attack all those who venture inside this hall? Here comes an odd-looking foreigner, the Comte du Nord, the future Emperor Paul of Russia. He speaks, he expatiates upon this admirable little canvas no less than in the great portrait by Mme. Le Brun, in the Hermitage at Saint Petersburg. One knows not whether to laugh or to tremble before this mis-shapen figure, with its wild and scornful air; a sort of polar Don Quixote, whose chivalrous aspirations will end in the blackest melancholy, varied by outbursts of maniacal fury. Already due in a mad-house, agitated every night by strange dreams which he related in the morning to his friend Rostopchine, he beheld himself in one of these carried up to heaven by an invisible and supernatural force. The night came when he awoke from his dreams under the sword of Benningesen and amid

the band of conspirators who despatched him in the dark.

Princes and private folk alike—all are overtaken by the same fell destiny. Whence came it? Can it have been from him of yon portrait stuck into the wall above all the rest and so seeming to dominate them, looking very like a spider in the midst of his web; from the large, crafty, impudent face, with its bulging eyes, which regard the august company with an indecipherable look? I have spoken of this portrait before. It is that of Count Cagliostro; enigmatical as its model; of no particular age; painted we know not when, or by whom. The necromancer must needs be here, still wielding over these men the occult power which bewildered all their brains, prolonging that fascination, which the Baroness d'Oberkirch has owned she could never resist.

Alchemist—else where did he get the gold which fairly ran in streams from his fingers? Prophet—as he certainly showed himself in his Letter to the French People and the predictions which were so quickly verified by events. Healer, Charmer, Preacher of Free-masonry in the fashionable world—how did he so impose himself? Who was he? Whence came he? Historians and novelists alike have spent themselves in conjecture concerning the sphinx in question, but no one of them has wrung from him his secret. Goethe, who was at that time traveling in Sicily, says that he was the son of a Jew at Palermo; but there are gaps and obscurities even in Goethe's narrative. Even after the minute researches of M. Frantz Funck-Brenzano, the cloud lies thick upon a career which appears ever more and more mythical. But how should we know who Cagliostro was, and what he did in 1784, in those lodges where they celebrated the Egyptian rite, when we are so ill-informed even

about that latest incarnation of his which we ourselves have witnessed?

For the immortal Joseph Balsamo has reappeared among us, wearing on this occasion, a sober, scientific mask, adapted to the taste of the time. Once more we have seen him playing for millions, influencing the policy of the state, beguiling personages of the highest ranks, routing the great captains of science. Always armed with some occult power, his credit was good both on the Bourse, and in the Chancery-courts. The Bar lavished upon him its most envied distinctions. He subjugated the strongest; ordered them to speak, and they spoke; to be silent, and they were mum; to take their own lives, and they did so. These are no legends; they are simple facts; and there are others yet more surprising, known only to the initiated few who frequented the Count de Cagliostro in his new incarnation as Cornelius Herz. He lived among us, having set in motion the mightiest machinery, and no one ever knew either how he lived or how he died. Why should we marvel at the part he earlier played, in the disintegration of the ancient world?

Many folk helped on the disintegration of that diseased world, as if they had received a mandate to hurry it into the tomb. Everything conspired to increase the madness of its latest days. At every turn sprang up some new Prometheus, intent upon compelling his fellow-men to harbor blind hope in their souls. How many persons, in the secret assembly where we now find ourselves, could have sworn that they never helped form an electric chain round one of Mesmer's tubs? The age which laughed at so much took seriously only charlatans, theosophists and other *illuminés*. Some are carried away by Saint-Martin, and some by Swedenborg. The works of the Swedish mystic were

translated in full. I have before me the edition of 1786. The translator tells us that his object was "to save from the consequences of their ignorance that vast number of indolent persons who think only as they are bid." Such are now to receive the good tidings which the philosopher, whose soul had been "rapt away into the society of heaven," brought back from that far country. Our libertines had a violent attack of faith and enthusiasm. They believed any one who would tell them sufficiently marvelous things.

Their credulity is very excusable. How was it possible at once to separate the true from the false in those years when nature was revealing to the dazzled eyes of men, principles and forces never dreamed of before? Galvani rubbed elbows with Mesmer; and the first electric shocks came just in time to administer a new thrill to nerves exhausted by the abuse of life. Lavoisier resolved everything into its elements in his crucible; why should not Cagliostro bring the elixir of life out of his? Jenner prolongs human existence by suppressing the deadliest of all scourges—one which had mown down the royal family in swaths, in this very palace of Versailles. Montgolfier fires volatile imaginations with a hope of navigating the skies; Franklin captures their lightning. But why need we scale the heavens when heaven is going to be brought down to earth? Jean Jacques has told his pleasing tale about regenerate humanity, and has persuaded those whom he made weep. The heroes of freedom are coming back from emancipated America bringing with them the dream of a fraternal republic. Everywhere, a seething sea of ideas: nowhere that stability in public morals which checks the explosive force of ideas and facilitates their assimilation.

These fast crowding commotions

were too much for brains enfeebled by the refinements of luxury and pleasure, and the habit of social excess. Between the encyclopedists, the theosophists, the physicists, the schemers and the reformers of every shade, our people were utterly bewildered. These long-privileged beings must needs feel the sounding smacks upon the cheek so many hands were dealing them; but they thought them funny, and were loud in their applause. Moved by that suicidal mania which always attacks perishing societies the *Alma-vivas* of Versailles play upon the stage of the Trianon, that "Figaro" which castigates themselves and which the King had forbidden at Paris—a very dance of death, a cacophony of shrill voices from overhead and underground. The kingdom of France is like Prospero's isle, when the spirits called up by Ariel trouble the air with their discordant notes and incite Caliban to revolt. What would they say—the stately survivors of the *grand siècle*, whom we left behind us in the hall first visited—if they could reappear among these folk? They would find the plots and passions of the Court, and some lingering trace of its old-time formalities; but they would be lost in the general hurly-burly of ideas, and slackening of the tension of all the old springs. Would they ever recognize the royal idols of other days?

There is barely time to give a look at these great ones of the moment, before they go up higher, as they will presently do in the Temple. And, first—the Queen enshrined in a panel, a life-size picture, of which the slightly haughty loveliness demands our homage, and has been calling to us ever since we entered the room. I shrink at first from approaching her. Every historian who confronts that figure knows that he is in for a cruel conflict between the heart and the reason.

For this is the famous portrait by Mme. Lebrun of the Queen in a red gown, with her three children. It was painted in 1787 and exhibited the same year in the Salon at the Louvre. The empty frame was brought in before the canvas; and this it was which gave rise to that cruel nick-name which leaped from the hatred to the lips of Paris: "Portrait of Mme. Dédicé." From that day to this the unhappy woman has been seeking a refuge from her persecutors. Until quite lately she had to be sought in the South Attic, where she was so hung as to face her worst enemy, Mme. Roland, the rival whose vanity she wounded and who hated the Queen as only one woman can hate another. Marie Antoinette has now been brought down into the room where she passed her bridal night—a sombre association! She is surrounded on every side by family connections. Opposite her hangs Philippe Egalité, the sneaking poacher, who is laying a trap for her already; the man whom she impulsively accused after the days of the 5th and 6th of October. "It is M. le Duc d'Orléans who tried to have us assassinated!" (Augeard) But look where she will she can see only treasons and perils; for here is Provence, and there is Artois, and all about are brothers and cousins, busy in sharpening the phrases which will stab her to the quick, and concocting the infamous libels which Champcennetz will circulate under the very *Œil de Boeuf*.

Already one seems to detect a little constraint in the fair face, a touch of hardness in the eyes under their finely arched brows. Mme. Lebrun saw the Queen just as Mme. de Lamballe described her after the acquittal of Rohan. "Her countenance, once so sweet and caressing, expressed nothing in public now save hauteur and disdain." The proud head is thrown

back as though to resist the invisible weight which drags, will abase, will sever it in the end. It is the weight of the ignominious Necklace. It would be simply impossible to exaggerate the influence of that "Affaire" on the character, the life and the death of Marie Antoinette. M. de Nolhac—and, after him M. Funck-Brentano—are quite right in treating it as the thread on which her destiny hung suspended. And if we, in our altered times, find it a little difficult to understand how a single decree of the courts can have determined the gravest events of an entire epoch, we ought to know by this time that a great case, where fierce passions are enlisted upon either side, can shake the foundations of society with fatal effect.

Yet the entire series of Marie Antoinette's portraits offers a striking demonstration of the fact, that misfortune is the best teacher. See how the type gradually rises, from the fantastic young creature, carrying upon her head one of those ridiculous pyramids which were the despair of Maria Theresa, to the heart-piercing picture painted by Kucharsky in the Temple, in 1793. Under the poor handkerchief and the widow's cap, supplied by the "generosity of the Republic" the features, modeled by suffering, are like those of a Pietà by Michael-Angelo, in their august serenity. I say nothing of the atrocious sketch by David, of the Queen upon the tumbril, rigid, with closed eyes, looking already like a monumental statue over her own grave. This woman, whom we must admit to have been once the most undisciplined creature in all the Court, the flighty butterfly of prosperous days, who could not force herself to read a book, who tired out the patience of her masters, and would listen to nothing save idle suggestions and perfidious counsels—grief has taught her everything, given her every-

thing. It has called up within her the high courage of her mother, the nobility of all her race, the spiritual ascendancy of the great Christians of all time. Never, surely, did the hard hand of pain so cruelly manipulate, or so magnificently transform a face, and the soul, too, that shines through it, with purified light.

An excellent rule for forming an unbiassed judgment of Marie Antoinette is to take, for the different periods of her life, the exact opposite of the impression received by her contemporaries; inverting the order of their sympathies and antipathies. At first, the young Dauphiness was idolized everywhere. Then came the young Queen, carrying everything before her, by her consummate grace. "She had," as Brissac gallantly said, "as many lovers as subjects." The courtiers, as was natural, were the first to fall away. When the Queen began confining herself to her own coterie, she alienated all who were excluded from it. But the people were still loyal, as the great rejoicings in Paris over the birth of the first Dauphin fully testify. Little by little, however, insinuations filtered down from the level of Versailles, and found an entrance into their minds. Unfavorable prejudices were born and grew fast, as the public became aware of the mad extravagance of the Queen; until the scandal of the Necklace—never fully explained—fanned them into fury. To the charge now brought against her, of being responsible for the ruin of public credit, the sombre spite of fanatical reformers added the accusation of retrograde tendencies; and when patriotic suspicions were also alarmed by the alleged "treason" of the "Autrichienne," the aversion of the populace became excessive and universal. The few hands that were still clapped on the King's appearance in Paris, remained icily still when the Queen passed by. The hearts of the people

were so maled in hatred against her, that even her martyrdom could not disarm them; it seems almost incredible now, but, save for a handful of loyal souls, nobody was touched. And the bitterest enemies of the Queen were by no means the habitués of the Jacobin Club. Augeard says that, in 1791, the French nobility who had found refuge in Brussels "tore the character of Marie Antoinette to shreds, in the most indecent manner."

The re-action was as unjust, as the first transports had been excessive. The truth, both about Dauphiness and Queen, is neither to be found in the gushing pages of Mme. Campan, nor in the malicious tales of calumniators, but in the copious correspondence of Mercy-Argenteau. Vigilant as the eye of Maria Theresa herself could have been, with a candor ever tempered by indulgence, the old diplomatist enables us to see, from day to day, the life it is his business to observe. To be quite frank, it is the life of a lovely brainless little bird. Frivolous, her head turned by dissipation, ignorant, and refusing to learn, Marie Antoinette put all the soul she then possessed, into her make-believe farm, the Little Trianon. Let us not be wroth with the false sentimentality which invested with a poetic halo that box of playthings; we should get a very erroneous idea of the woman whose highest conceptions of art and pleasure were satisfied by these affectations, these dolls' mills and sheepfolds, this finikin round of little dinners, little plays, little passions. The utter incapacity which she long displayed for applying herself to business or understanding it in the very least, is her best defence against the accusation of being an Austrian spy. Mercy deeply regrets that she has not the stuff in her for that part. Sweet she was, no doubt, but with a kind of blonde sweetness, only skin-deep, and with no root in the heart. She could be both wilful

and vindictive when opposed; with an utter lack of discernment, which led her to sacrifice to the animosities of the boudoir the very best of the King's servants, to immolate a Turgot, and a de Guines. Her costly fancies, and her weakness for greedy friends, ruined the treasury. It is only too true that Marie Antoinette cost France more than all the mistresses of Louis XIV, more than the du Barry, almost as much as the Pompadour. "The present government," writes Mercy himself, "surpasses in disorder and dishonesty that of the last reign," and it was not the King who was at fault.

I understand perfectly the excuses for this young creature, long neglected by the clumsiest, the most amenable, and the least fascinating of husbands; isolated in a foreign court, without moral support or true affection, exposed to a thousand snares, insulted by the blackest slanders. It was quite natural that she should have plunged madly into dissipation of every kind, then sought to envelope herself in the warm atmosphere of a few chosen friendships, feeling quite powerless to resist the very few who seemed truly to love her. Her errors were excusable, but it is merely silly to attempt to erect them into a pedestal.

As always happens, the public begins to revile her mistakes at the very moment when she herself is trying to correct them. Maternity taught her wisdom; the lessons of a throne enlarged her mind; she gained, both in prudence and in tact. She seems to have borne herself admirably in her brief, impossible rôle of constitutional Queen. Our own respect for her grows as that of her subjects declines. Then come the tragic hours when the daughter of Maria Theresa is majestic in her calm dignity and invincible heroism. On the awful 10th of August, as has been well said, there was but one man in the Tuilleries, and that was the Queen. She

commands our unstinted admiration, at the time when they are insulting her, both in Brussels and Paris. But at the Temple and in the Conciergerie, between those walls which can beat down even the raging flames of patriotism, her last portrait bears witness to a transfiguration, which cannot be better expressed than in her own beautiful words: "I am about to receive a great sacrament." And by the time her dishonored remains are mingling in the charnel-house of the Madeleine with those of the victims who were crushed to death upon her marriage day, our tears have fully absolved her from the folly and ruin implied in the account which concludes with this item:

"The Widow Capet, for beer,—6 francs."

Of Louis XVI, we have in this room only one official portrait—by Callet—and several busts; one of which—the Houdin—is very fine. But the forced comeliness of the face conveys no impression of truth. The really speaking likeness, though very inferior as a work of art, is the great equestrian portrait in the South Attic, signed: "Carteaux, Painter to the King, officer in the National Cavalry at Paris, 1791." He seems to us much more inclined to guillotine his King than to paint him, this Gen. Carteaux who was to wreak the vengeance of the Convention upon the insubordinate South. His truly symbolical work might be the advertisement of a circus, with its heavy white horse curvetting under a heavy red rider. The man has run up upon his hat an enormous rosette of tricolored ribbon, which looks as though it had been made for some Lubin of the Comic Opera. It contrasts very strangely with the gravity of the bloated face, buried, as it were, in too much fat. The hand brandishes, wholly without conviction, a small parade-sword. On the blade, in the blue gleam of the steel, may be read these two words in big letters—

"La Loi". One seems to be staring at a booth in a fair, where the royal actor is playing, in his resigned and docile fashion, a part which he has not fully learned, and does not at all understand.

Ah no, he does not understand, "poor man!" as his wife used to call him in moments of vexation. Least of all, does he comprehend that wife herself, whom he loves, whom he never contradicts, whose ill-humor he dreads above all things. "Don't go to the Queen! She is not pleasant to-day," said he, meekly, to one of his ministers, after he had experienced a conjugal rebuff. He yawns at the Trianon assemblies, at the jests of that coterie, their gaming, and their play-acting. He does not play, he does not spend, he has no small-talk, he knows nothing of gallantry. He has not a vice, this insatiable hunter, entirely governed by physical needs—by such, I mean, as both decency and religion allow. He slips away to his bed at ten o'clock, that he may be up at dawn and off with his pack, or sitting at his little forge up under the eaves, his artisan's pastime! Often and often in that abandoned cell, I have seemed to hear him climbing the stairs, with his heavy step, to rekindle the extinguished fire. He does not understand either his wily ministers, or his greedy courtiers, or his ungrateful people—whom he would fain make happy—nor the cloud of mystery into which he is entering. But who can fathom that mystery? And how should he do so, the pupil of old Vauguyon, so ill-prepared to reign, even in a commonplace time? "Oh, my God, keep us! protect us! We have come into power too young!" It was the King's first cry. And he throws such a world of good will into the effort to understand, to act rightly! He is so singularly upright, endowed with so patient a courage! He has every virtue, but he cannot make his virtues tell!

How should he have understood at

twenty-two, with the education he had received, that the fate of his magnificent military kingdom was to be decided between money-bags and sacks of wheat—the political problem being to fill those empty sacks, and thus avoid famine on the one hand, and bankruptcy and ruin on the other? Underneath his palace, at the foot of the steps leading down to the orangery, in the small white building which is now the Officers' Club, but which was then the main bureau of the Administration, a game of chess where his head was the stake, was being played first by Turgot and Necker, and later by Necker and Calonne. Suspicious, as the timid ever are, as his grandfather Louis XIII had been before him, he has allowed himself to become prejudiced against Turgot, forgetful of that affecting scene at Compiègne, when two honest men,—the King and his minister,—had clasped hands and vowed to help one another. The Queen, urged on by needy courtiers, whose supplies had been cut down, and by that crafty Pezay who was Necker's emissary, got the better of that instinct of self-preservation which had thrown the Prince into the arms of a man of genius. Turgot fell, and was banished; and with him went, forever, the spirit of economy and wise reform, the spirit of Henri Quatre and Sully, the old French tradition of strong provincial and municipal organizations under the guidance of one protective authority. The Geneva banker came into power, and with him came the doctrinaire and republican spirit, whose final consequences were to prove so fatal. He will go mooning on his way, expecting to discover in the clouds of political ideology those foundations of a free state which the Finance-Minister from Limonsin had sought in the national soil where they had so long lain buried. After Turgot no one could have stopped the Revolution. Louis XVI must hear

its growlings grow fiercer day by day, from the balcony toward which his people flung upward the lamentable cry of "Bread! Give us bread at two sous a loaf!"

Oh that balcony of Versailles, the Golgotha of the doomed monarchy! It commands the Marble Court, on a level with the French windows of Louis XIV's bedroom. That bedroom was to the chateau, as we know, like the tabernacle in a church—the very Holy of Holies of Royalty. To clear the balustrade which defended that bed, the greatest folk in France would have stooped to the basest actions! When ladies passed before that empty bed, etiquette obliged them to bow the knee, as to the chapel altar. The tradition of its august memories was so tyrannous that King Louis XV and his grandson after him, had to quit every morning the warmer and more commodious rooms where they had slept, and creep for an instant under the curtains of Louis XIV's bed that they might hold the *grand lever* there. From that balcony our Kings could see approaching along the broad avenues which radiate from the Court of Honor like the beams of a star, the nobility of a whole kingdom, courtiers with tidings of victory, the princes and the ambassadors of all nations.

And this was the balcony upon which Louis XVI had to step out when a ragged mob were howling to him for bread! In the very dawn of his reign—on Feb. 2, 1775—the paid rioters of the Wheat-war had there given him a foretaste of the Days of October. It was only sedition at first, but on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, it had become Revolution. One can follow, step by step, the path of the Queen, when she escaped from the chamber, whose doors were about to be forced, to join the King upon this balcony. They were made prisoners

by the Parisians, and taken away. Cut off from his only amusement, the royal sportsman wrote sadly in his journal—the everlasting journal of his huntings,—Oct. 5th. "Shot, near the gate of Chatillon. Hit 81. Interrupted by events."

Henceforth it is on the balcony of the Tuilleries that the *ecce homo* will be presented, each time in a more sinister and humiliating manner; then in the Tribunal: finally on the Place de la Revolution. Louis XVI will accept the unintelligible torture piously: he will face it with a calmness worthy of his name and race. Let us pity him. Let us respect his virtues and his passive courage. I am quite willing to have him canonized, but do not ask me to admire a King who suffers himself to be assassinated when he might have died sooner, like a King, on foot, and sword in hand! The "poor man" did not even comprehend the advice allegorically offered him by the Jacobin painter, Carteaux, when he inscribed the royal sword with the motto—"La Loi."

After the departure of the sovereigns on October 6th, all was over with that life at Versailles, which had been "interrupted by events." It fades away among the pictures by whose help we have endeavored to re-animate it. Once abandoned by its proper masters, the chateau could only be turned into a national museum, a sort of necropolis, whither are still conveyed the effigies of important statesmen and historic personages of every grade. They are huddled together there with a promiscuousness which is, in itself, suggestive. At the very end of the Prince's wing in the garden, in a small secluded summer-house, we may see Napoleon I in the triumphal robes of his coronation: a statue by Bosio which was to have been set up on the Arc de l'Étoile. Under Napoleon's feet, in a sort of trench, dividing the

garden from the frowning house of Lounois, we may also see, if we lean over far enough, the figure of a Prince who appears to be doing penance in this hole,—it is the equestrian statue of the Duc d'Orléans, ejected from the Place du Carrousel in 1848. Children, as they grow up, are apt to put away in some storeroom or other, the broken pieces of the playthings which amuse them no more. Our inconstant nation has made Versailles the repository of its cast-off puppets—Kings, Emperors and Presidents. And it is at Versailles, also, that she constructs new ones.

The relics of the past live there, in peace, together. After the gates are closed at night there is not a sound, not a glimmer in one of those hundreds of windows. On the evening of my first systematic visit, I lingered in the gardens until night-fall. The day died quietly and in great beauty, with

Revue des Deux Mondes.

many a suggestion of bygone splendor, and illusion of survival, in the lingering reflections from windows and fountain-basins. On the other side of the palace, in the courts and avenues through which one must pass in going out, in the direction of that Paris from which misfortune comes, night descends upon the chateau both suddenly and heavily. The colossal structure vanishes all at once, as in a shroud of darkness. A single wan light is kindled and wavers for an instant in some keeper's room, at the basement of the Gabriel wing. Is it the same that was actually seen to glimmer for one moment in that very place, after all the fires in the palace had been put out in sign of mourning, on the night after the death of Louis XV? That signal announced to France that she had lost her King. It announces that same thing still, and no one of us yet knows what beside.

Eugene-Melchior de Vogüé.

THE INFLUENCE OF PURITANISM ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It is a much debated question how far the work of American writers deserves the name of a national literature. It is asserted, and with some plausibility, that American literature is but the shadow of a name, that the products of American thought are not in any way to be distinguished from the literary work of contemporary England, and that where any diversity is discoverable it is but a local manifestation which has had no permanent effect in stamping the hall-mark of nationality on the literature of which it forms a part.

At first sight there may appear to be good grounds for the assertion. In

England and America are found two peoples sprung originally from a common stock, with a common history and speaking a common tongue; and in such a case a similarity, superficial at least, and probably actual, will inevitably appear in the written examples of their common thought. A close study of American literature, however, will, partially at any rate, clear the student's mind of the prejudices which this argument has implanted. In the end, though he may protest that her literature is not yet fully developed, he will be forced to admit that it exists, and that reared as it has been in a climate and amid circumstances

wholly diverse, this literature has attained to many characteristics which cannot be associated to any considerable extent with her English sister.

There is one influence in particular which, while it may have lightly touched those literatures of an older growth, has affected that of America in an altogether different degree. In America the history of her literature is the history of her religious development, and consequently to a very considerable extent the history of Calvinism, the religion of her youth.

The foundation of the American colonies was effected at a period when English literature was richer and more varied than it had ever been before or has ever been since. The brilliance and versatility of the Elizabethans, culminating in the genius of Shakespeare, had attained for England the foremost place in literary Europe. No other period of the modern world has in one nation produced so many masters whether in poetry, drama, history, philosophy, or travel, whose fame has survived the inexorable judgment of time. But the settlers of America, though imbued with the spirit of the Elizabethans, carried little but the spirit of this literature to their new home. The gentlemen adventurers who established themselves in Virginia and the South, though their leader was the gifted Raleigh, were themselves men rather of the sword than of the pen; and if some of them, like gallant James Smith, have left records of their experiences, their writings approach more nearly the uncouth baldness of the skipper's log than the polished prose of the courtiers of Elizabeth. And if the first colonists were rough and ready, their successors were only too often luckless redemptioners or the sweepings of the English gaols. The Northern colonists, on the other hand, were of a different type. The first of them were Puritans of the Puritans,

and as such could scarcely be expected to carry to the Promised Land the taint of that literature which they regarded with abhorrence as the subtlest instrument of Belial himself.

In these circumstances, save in so far as they could claim a share in the glories of the past, the American people started their national life and continued throughout nearly two centuries without producing anything which could in any way deserve the name of literature. So far as the South is concerned there appears to have been literally no productive thought. The more considerable families, it is true, living an almost feudal existence each in what became an ancestral domain, preserved out of a certain pride of birth some standard of literary education. But it was wholly with the literature of the past that they were familiar; the thoughts of contemporary Europe touched them not at all; the events which shook the foundations of the elder world were to them but the echoes of a distant storm, and it was not until the Revolution that they aroused themselves to a sleepy interest in aught that lay beyond their immediate borders.

In the North things were somewhat better. Here, under the nominal rule of royal governors, there existed in fact a theocracy. The Calvinist divines were the real rulers; and each in his own church, a church generally synonymous with the township, held almost undisputed sway over the minds and bodies of his flock. With them Calvinism was carried to further extremes than had been possible in Elizabethan England. All outside its communion were not merely heretics but rebels, upon whom the Church was not unwont to vent its righteous indignation; and the severity of its punishments appears again and again, not only in spasmodic outbursts like the trials for witchcraft at Salem, but in the legal

codes of the provinces whose extremest example is the famous Blue Laws of Massachusetts.

At the same time Calvinism and its ministers were the only force which to any appreciable degree kept alive in the land the flickering flame of learning. Harvard, the first and greatest of the American universities, was founded in 1636 by the Calvinist divines, in the avowed hope that there the most promising of the new generation should be educated in the tenets of the Calvinistic faith, and be ready upon the death of their fathers to take their places as the spiritual leaders of the people. But Harvard at its inception, although its course included the elements of education, was in effect a school of theology alone. It served the purpose of its founders indeed excellently well, for its alumni, even such of them as were unlearned in all else, were yet deeply instructed in the dogmas of Calvinism, and capable in the highest degree of carrying on the fight against heresy and schism in which the orthodox Church was soon to be strenuously engaged. Until the foundation of Yale University some sixty years later, Harvard was the one centre of light in a land of literary darkness. With few exceptions the graduates who passed from its shelter into the Church were the only men of literature in the Northern colonies, and for at least a hundred years almost the only writings which could boast of any literary form were the voluminous works of these Calvinist preachers.

Of these same preachers one at least, Cotton Mather, had something approaching a European reputation. His cast of mind may be estimated from the fact that he was one of the judges at the Salem trials, while his literary activity will appear from the number of his works of which between the years 1678 and 1728 he published some four hundred volumes. The bulk of

these were entirely theological, and the burden of all appears to have been the glorification of the sect of which he was the most zealous leader.

Before his death the theocracy had fallen, the priesthood had lost its power, and in the eighteenth century his greatest successor, Jonathan Edwards, was driven from church to church by the advance of those liberal opinions which the best part of his life was spent in combating. For the inevitable reaction had already arrived. The country was no longer inhabited only by the immediate descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers who were accustomed to suffer gladly the yoke of their spiritual masters. Other colonists had followed, men of a lighter faith. The Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland had spread themselves along the verge of the western wilderness from north to south, and in the heart of New England a large influx of German immigrants threatened in places to submerge the original colonists and assume their powers. In these circumstances the Calvinist ascendancy could not be maintained. An opposition sprang up formed by a combination of all those of more liberal views on whom the priestly domination pressed most hardly. The University of Yale was founded in 1701 as a counterbalance to the Calvinist college at Harvard, and by degrees the liberal principles there inculcated took root and flourished, until they found a resting-place not only in Yale but in the very seat of Calvinism itself.

In purer letters the position of the North was not much better than that of the South. In the domain of poetry Mrs. Ann Bradstreet, known as the Tenth Muse, gained some local fame, while Michael Wigglesworth compiled the Bay Psalm-Book, a metrical paraphrase of the psalms, and published several volumes of very villainous English verse. In history and biography,

too, some few works appeared, but such examples of general literature as these are hardly now of any interest even as literary curiosities. So far as the poetry is concerned it was well nigh entirely of a sacred character, while the history and biography were, in effect, if not in form, the history of Puritanism and the biographies of her leading divines.

Up to the revolutionary times, therefore, there appeared not only no evidence of national literary thought, but no work of importance which was even a fairly worthy imitation of the literature of the mother country. The standard of individual education was, it is true, far higher than in England, for actual illiteracy was practically unknown; but this education, though good in itself, produced little creative thought except in the dusty region of theological polemics, and by reducing all men to a dead level of unimaginative knowledge was rather an adverse than a favoring influence.

With the approach of the Revolution, however, came a new phase. The place in American thought once occupied by theology was now held by politics; the preacher yielded place in the national estimation to the orator, and though oratory is not literature, the orators were the nearest approach to literary men that the period produced.

The best example of the new era is Benjamin Franklin. Born in obscurity, self-educated, and self-made, he yet attained a world-wide celebrity not only as a champion of American independence, but as a dignified representative of his country at the polished courts of Europe, while in the domain of science his attainments have never perhaps been adequately recognized. As a man of letters, too, he was by no means contemptible. His autobiography, if not a monument of literary art, is a considerable advance on anything that preceded it, but some of his best work was

done in his letters and political pamphlets in which his prose is of almost Addisonian dignity; and one letter in particular to the English papers, in which he declares that "the grand leap of the whale up the Falls of Niagara is esteemed by all who have seen it as one of the finest spectacles in nature," is remarkable as being the first example in literary history of what is now generally recognized as American humor, a humor whose main characteristic is the exaggeration of nonsense in the midst of the soberest sense. In other respects Franklin is perhaps best known as the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac," whose now hackneyed aphorisms, such as "Honesty is the best Policy," and "God helps them that help themselves," have passed into the proverbial language of both England and America.

Nor was Franklin alone among the Revolutionary leaders in producing stately and dignified prose. Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, and many other leaders of the nationalist movement, adorned even the political pamphlets which they published in such profusion with a dignified grace of style savoring more of the English essayists of the previous century than of the crude utterances which one is accustomed to associate with the ephemeral literature of politics. Even while they prated of the rights of man, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, their writings are permeated for the most part with the unexpected but ever saving grace of common-sense.

The political essay, then, was brought at this time to a high state of perfection; but neither politics nor oratory can supply the place which literature leaves unfilled, and of pure literature in all the length and breadth of the colonies there was still hardly a vestige. Although theology had been for the time superseded in men's minds by the more practical calls of politics, the

leaders of the people were the same as of yore. The public hero was the orator, but the orator was as often as not the preacher also, and if in any case it were not so, it would probably be found upon enquiry that he came of a preaching stock and had passed his youth beneath the iron hand of the Calvinist faith.

In the years that succeeded the Revolution the conditions were much the same. Such writers as there were, and writers of the first rank were almost altogether absent, were derived almost exclusively from New England, the home of Puritanism, and were affected more or less directly by their religious environment. Among the men of the higher class Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale, published several books of verse in the manner of Pope, for whose more slovenly work they might indeed have been mistaken; and a select coterie, who have since gained the title of the Hartford Wits, did their utmost, with little power and less success, to produce a taste for literature in their contemporaries. The net result of their labors was of small importance, but their style was remarkably good, and as has been said of another assembly, while they did nothing in particular they did it very well. There was in truth nothing living. Form there was in plenty, but even this was borrowed for the most part from the English writers of a previous age. The styles of Goldsmith, Pope, and Samuel Butler were at a premium, and beneath the swelling periods there were stagnation and death.

With the new century, however, there came a new birth. The spirit of literature was reincarnated, and from this time the consideration of American literature really commences. At last American thought ceased to follow in the footsteps of an effete civilization and struck out a new line for herself. By this time the strict Calvinism which

had formerly held undisputed sway in the North had fallen to the ground before the advance of more liberal opinions, and had ceased to hold the literature of the country in its icy grasp. Brockden Brown, James Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Washington Irving, and Edgar Allen Poe were the first prophets of the new era, and of these neither Brown, Cooper, nor Poe was influenced, unless indirectly, by the Puritan spirit.

These five writers are all associated more or less closely with the middle States of the Union, and all spent the best part of their literary lives in the neighborhood of New York. Poe, it is true, is claimed by the South, whence his father came and where part at least of his youth was spent, but his work was almost wholly done further north.

Bryant is a poet of some standing, who has his admirers even in England. Mr. Steadman has applauded him as the Father of American Song, but he appears in general to be too burdened by the literary traditions to which he succeeded. His poems are pretty but uninspired, sweet but shallow and lifeless, perfect in form but lacking in substance. Lowell, in the "Table for Critics," describes him as a "smooth silent iceberg," a description which might be applied with almost equal justice to many of his contemporaries in American poetry; and although the writer was perhaps only half in earnest, the criticism is not far from the truth.

Washington Irving, again, is chiefly remarkable for the delicacy of his style in which he certainly excelled contemporary English authors; but except in this respect there is little to distinguish his work as natively American, while Poe, on the other hand, with a more original genius struck out a new and powerful line for himself, little affected either by English models or American tradition.

New England, with her Puritan heri-

tage, had for the time lost the literary ascendancy which she had held in default of a competitor in the previous century; but she lost it only for the time. Even in the first decade of the century there was growing up within her borders a circle of writers who in their prime forty years later represent the literary splendor of American history. In the meantime the preparations for their advent were not lacking. The growth of periodical literature was enormous, writers of the second class were numbered by the score, and after 1819 the revival of the study of modern languages at the universities familiarized the people with the great masters of Europe and prepared them to recognize and welcome the masters who were to arise in their midst.

The first product of the revival of learning was the historian. Parkman is a writer whose work, except to students, seems to be much less known than it should be beyond his own country; but Prescott and Motley have world-wide reputations both as historians of authority and masters in literature. The former suffers somewhat from an exuberance of language, and his physical disabilities, as was the case also with Parkman, prevented his work having that exactness which the study of history demands, while Motley, though more exact, allows himself too often to be carried away by religious prejudice. His Spaniard, though he smile, is always a villain, while his Dutchman, like the Boer of Continental imagination, is an angel almost unawares.

In the meantime the place in popular favor once occupied by Calvinism had now been taken by Unitarianism; and with Unitarianism, and arising out of it, there appeared that system of philosophy known as Transcendentalism, which in its excesses has hardly found a parallel in the regions of the old world. But the influence of Puritanism

still made itself felt. Its lofty standard of thought and life survived though under a different name, and the community at Concord really based its rules of life upon the Puritan ideal. Taken as they were from the very strongholds of the Puritan faith, cradled in many cases in the homes of Puritan preachers, and educated often in the schools of the strictest sect, it was impossible that the leaders of the new movement, even when giving way to its excesses, should cut themselves altogether adrift from the ideals which birth and education had implanted in their hearts.

In its more moderate courses the new philosophy had great results, for it produced a new era of speculative thought. To have produced Emerson alone would have made it worthy of respect, and he, although the greatest, was not by any means alone among its great supporters. But he at least was truly great, perhaps the greatest man America has produced; and he possessed a moderating quality of common-sense in which many of his followers were conspicuously lacking. In many respects he resembles more the great philosophers of the past than any of our moderns. He "hitched his wagon to a star," and was rather the prophet and teacher than the artist and literary man, while both in prose and verse he had the limitations which his position entailed. He confines himself almost entirely to Nature and abstract thought; humanity is almost altogether absent from his work; it is wanting in life, action, and passion. His seat is set aloft, and his gaze is too steadily fixed upon the stars to reckon of the storms of life; and while he inspires awe and respect, he cannot arouse sympathy or stimulate enthusiasm.

No other of the Transcendentalists even approached the position of Emerson. His best known followers were Thoreau and Alcott, and one is some-

times puzzled to know whether to treat them with respect or ridicule. In his studies of Nature, in "Walden" for instance, Thoreau is a writer of acknowledged power; but his eccentricity was so pronounced as to dwarf all other attributes, and he is remembered to-day rather as the inspired tramp than as the man of letters; while Alcott was, among these new philosophers, the man of all others who best justified Lowell's satirical indictment.

About this time there arose a movement which, even from a purely literary point of view, has had greater effect and wrought better work than any other in American history. The new wave of thought which produced the excesses of Transcendentalism, produced at the same time a spirit of reform, and that spirit seized immediately upon the question of slavery, the subject which lay nearest to its hand.

American literature has always suffered from the narrowness of American national experience, and this narrowness has been accentuated by the early Puritanism which at one stroke ruled out of life a great part of the joy of existence. It tended always to become parochial and unsympathetic. The anti-slavery movement, and the civil war in which it culminated, provided it with new ideas and infused into it for the first time an approach to passion. The movement had its origin in New England the home of Puritanism, and its prophet was before all things a New Englander.

John Greenleaf Whittier was the poet of New England, and he suffered like all his predecessors from his environment. The circumscribed limits of his life combined with a lack of humor to make much of his writings superficially commonplace. His support of the Abolitionist cause was at once his literary gain and loss, for all that there is of fire and passion in his work can be traced to his enthusiasm in this

movement, and at the same time all that is most imperfect, most formless, and most ephemeral. Had he remained uninfluenced he would have been perhaps the better poet. He would have been simple, sincere, and at times fervent; his work would have been more perfect in form, but like that of Bryant it would have remained cold, provincial, and commonplace.

Apart from Whittier himself the leaders of the anti-slavery party were rather orators than men of letters, but at the same time the movement profoundly affected all the great writers of the day and, in common with Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes owed to it much of the power and many of the best qualities that their works possess. Longfellow to a considerable extent shares the faults of Whittier. He is indeed picturesque at times, but his imagination was never creative. Infinitely simple and infinitely sweet he may be, but it is with the sweetness that too often cloy.

Over all the writers of the New England school there hovers the shadow of Puritan influence. Even Oliver Wendell Holmes was always tilting with a certain bitterness at the ghost of an influence which he himself had felt, and in no American writer does it show its power more plainly than in Nathaniel Hawthorne, the artist of the group. In all his work it stands forever in the background making its presence felt in an air of dread solemnity, an atmosphere of mysterious melancholy which fastens on every character and holds the story itself in its relentless grasp. For fifty years Hawthorne lived in his native province, never leaving it for long, and he never succeeded in shaking off the burden of his Puritan birth. But though as a result the range of his vision was limited and his habit of thought provincial, by so much the more he gained in individuality as the foremost of native American novelists.

for he was left the natural product of his time and country untouched by the fashions of an elder world. His style has a dignity of its own, which is perhaps increased by the brooding melancholy of his themes; and it is only on occasion that one regrets the broader thought and wider vision which might have been his in another environment.

The New England school ended with the lives of its first members. The centre of power in America has long been slowly shifting westwards, and this is true of literary power no less than of commercial or political. New York had for a time been shadowed by the literary glow of Concord and Boston, but it had never been totally eclipsed. Even in the palmiest days of "The Atlantic Monthly" and "The North American Review" the periodical literature of New York was of the highest repute, and among her literary men were Dana, Curtis, Raymond, Bayard Taylor and Walt Whitman, the apostle of Anarchy. With the change in the literary centre the literature of America was withdrawn from the influence which had for so long mastered its course; and now that influence only remains as a tradition, a survival from the past which is fast disappearing in the march of time.

While the North had been making a literature for itself, the South had remained almost stationary in its old condition of literary stagnation. Its social constitution was not one calculated to encourage the growth of a literary class, and the civil war, while it destroyed the constitution, destroyed with it the means of gratifying whatever literary taste had existed before. Of the few poets the South produced, Sims, Tienor, Timrod, and Sidney Lanier, the last alone can be credited with anything like genius. Like Poe, his work has a warmth and color hardly to be found in the North, and over some of his poems there is a

glamour which is strangely fascinating.

Since the setting of those literary stars whose brilliance illumined the middle decades of the last century, American literature has been becalmed. Little in her poetry tempts comparison even with the work of our English poets; her philosophers are scarcely known beyond her own borders, and in one region alone, the region of fiction, has she improved upon her position in the past.

Half a century ago it appeared possible and even probable that the efforts of a few men, the giants of American literature, would in time produce an American school which should have distinctive American characteristics, and in due course should cut itself free from the shackles of English tradition and work out its own salvation by following national methods in evolving a national style. The gods, however, were adverse. So long as literary America consisted but of a mere strip of land upon the Atlantic coast, so long as there were but two nations, the cold North and the sunny South, to harmonize into a consistent whole, there was still hope for the national school. The genius of Bryant and Poe, of Whittier and Lanier, though distant as the poles, might in time find one common denominator; but with the march of time the possibility, or at least the probability, has passed. The America of to-day is far other than the America of yesterday. She has stretched her borders to Mexico in the South and to the Golden Gate in the West. By conquest or colonization she has brought under her flag Spaniard, Indian, and Negro, while immigration and expulsion from older lands has given her a motley horde of citizens, Irish, Italians, Magyars, Teutons, Poles, and Russians, a very Pentecostal crowd whose strange and often savage blood she must assimilate with her own before she can become a single

and united nation. And although the task may, and no doubt will, in time be accomplished, the question of a single national literature will still remain untouched. The country is too big. The South looks with suspicion on the West, and both are leagued against the East; the desires of New Orleans are not the desires of Chicago, and the ideals of Vermont would be scouted as outworn upon the soil of Colorado. It may be centuries before the work of all these warring factions, spread over half a world, can be welded into a single homogeneous literature.

What has been the value of the Puritan influence upon American literature as a whole? If yet but half developed this literature certainly exists, and the first and most powerful influence which has moulded its youth has been the all-pervasive shadow of that austere Calvinism which has affected, if not on the surface at least by undercurrents, the work of well nigh every writer who was born under its ban. Some of its effects have, indeed, been excellent. One is a certain moral cleanness which distinguishes the works of American writers over those of every other nation, and stands out in marked contrast to much of the literature of England, and still more of that of the Continent. But on the other hand Puritanism has much to answer for. To its influence can be traced many of the defects that are observable in American literature. In that literature in general there is little that is rich or rare, too much that is common-place and simple. Cold Calvinism has chilled the imagination, and it is only where the warmer blood of the South has had play, as in Poe or Lanier, that a more generous color has been given to the work.

In other climes literature traces its origin from the spontaneous songs and ballads of the people. The German was born in the "Nibelungen Lied" and the songs of the wandering Minnesingers.

Celtic literature begins with the poems of Ossian, while the literature of England is based in great part on the fragmentary ballads which are preserved in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." In America it was otherwise. There literature was a blind child who knew nothing of the joys of youth. Separated from it by two hundred years, it was full grown when its eyes were opened to the beauties of the universe. Continuity with the traditions of the past was lost, and without the inspiration of an historic past Americans have evolved a literature of their own; and in so far as they were aided by history at all, it was only by the unhallowed history of the present. In America Calvinism appears to have taken the place of those traditions which in other lands have infused life and color into literature; and though here and there individuals have cast off the closer of its toils, they have never entirely escaped from the environment of youth, and "suckled in a creed outworn," have been in after-life ever haunted by its sombre shadow.

On the whole the influence of Puritanism has not been an altogether favorable one. Little of the Elizabethan brilliance has survived. All that was cut off by a century of Puritan ascendancy, and little was given in exchange. Dignity, perhaps has been gained, clearness of diction too and purity of thought, but the fire that purified is dead and the cold grayness of the ashes is all that remains. One cannot undertake a study of the literature of America without some longing for a greater warmth, brighter color, a more fervid imagination.

Whether these qualities will be supplied in the future remains to be seen. The younger writers of America certainly possess them to a degree undiscoversable in those of the past. Over some, perhaps over the majority of them, the Puritan tradition, in so far

at least as it was evil, seems to have lost its power. It is to them that American literature looks for her future

Macmillan's Magazine.

strength. May they not be found wanting.

H. Sheffield Clapham.

BIRD LIFE.

It is, or before the days of School Boards was, a common article of faith of country boys that no bird can count beyond three.

The imaginative powers of man reach a little farther; but they also have their limitations. But for this poverty of imagination, which is to blame for half the uncharitableness and harsh judgments of everyday life, the feelings with which a thoughtful man would put down any honestly-written book telling the latest conclusions of research in any branch of science would be a mingling of abasement, reverence and encouragement. Abasement at the thought of the very small spot in the scheme of the universe which the individual man at best can occupy; reverence in the presence of the stupendous mysteries which it is the fashion just now to speak of as "Natural laws," which lie hidden behind the veil, small corners of which seem to have been lifted by modern searchers for the truth; encouragement to hope: for, if in the past and present are to be seen things which it could not have entered into the heart of man to conceive, no promise for the future can be beyond possibility of belief only because the conception of its fulfilment may be beyond our present powers.

But imagination fails: and this is why good men in the past have shrunk from enquiry and too often sought refuge from doubts in abuse of enquirers.

It was only by publicly recanting the blasphemous heresy that it was the

earth that moved and not the sun, and by undertaking to repeat once a week for three weeks the seven Penitential Psalms that Galileo escaped from the torture-chamber of the Inquisition. "The thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord."

"It moves all the same," was his whispered aside to the friend and disciple who stood by him as he rose from his knees.

We can, after a fashion, picture to ourselves a six-day creation of perfected forms, and poets such as Milton may even venture to fill in grotesque details: "The tawny lion," like a great daddy-long-legs escaping from its underground nymph case, "Pawing to get free his hinder parts," and birds bursting full-fledged from eggs.

But the grander idea of a creation of infinite progression such as that of which from their different points of view geologists, astronomers and biologists seem to be catching glimpses, is "Broader than the measure of man's mind." We cannot take it in, nor picture an endless creation, begun when, before time, itself a created thing, was, forces were set in motion, which, working in obedience to "Laws which never can be broken," should spin a beautiful world from floating atoms, and people it with ever-changing forms of life.

Of the many dissolving views which the light of Science is now throwing on the screen, none is more wonderful or more perplexing than the evolution of

birds from reptiles. And yet, up to a certain point at least, the pedigree seems fairly conclusively proved. Birds and reptiles alike are produced from eggs. The framework of both is, with modifications, the same; and, in an immature stage, the likeness is often marked. A newly-hatched cormorant is much more like an exceptionally ugly reptile than a bird.

The missing link has been found in the *Archæopteris*, of which fossil remains have been discovered in the lithographic rocks of Bavaria. It was a bird about the size of a rook, with three free fingers tipped with claws. It had teeth, a lizard-like head, and a long tail like a rat's, from each joint of which at an angle of forty-five sprang pairs of feathers.

Three-toed footprints, left ages ago in mud which has since hardened to limestone rock, were until lately believed to be those of gigantic birds. They are now commonly accepted as having been made by extinct lizards.

The three-clawed fingers on the wings of the *Archæopteris* are met half-way by two serviceable claws on the wings of the young of an existing bird, the Hoatzin, the "stinking pheasant" of the Valley of the Amazon. With the help of their claws and the beak, which is used like a parrot's, as an extra hand, the nestlings of this strange bird, which commonly builds its nest over a stream, before they can fly crawl about the bushes. The young birds if they fall into the water swim and dive like newts.

The Hoatzin is the only known bird still retaining two clawed wing-fingers; but a single claw or spur on the wing is still to be found in several birds. The Spur-winged Geese, and the Horned Screamers, whose concerts on the plains of La Plata Mr. Hudson has graphically described are instances of the kind.

But in such deep matters as the ori-

gin or special use of anything we see in Nature it is prudent to accept with reserve even the most apparently self-evident conclusions. For proof of this, if proof is needed, it is unnecessary to look beyond birds' bones. These are in most cases hollow, and connected with air sacks—a wonderful contrivance, in the days of our youth we were taught to believe, for lightening a body which was to be lifted in flight. Nowhere in the realm of Nature was a clearer or more beautiful adaptation of means to end; unquestionable,—until a meddlesome anatomist went out of his way to notice that there were exceptions to the rule and that these were the birds of greatest powers of flight. The Albatrosses, Swifts and Swallows have, like ourselves, honest well-filled marrow bones. We are apt, the best of us, to read into the text our own ideas and to see the things which best fit in with them, like the boy with a taste for birds and sport who, when asked in his examination what he knew of the circumstances of the death of Ahab, answered, "One drew a bow at a *Vulture* and killed the king."

To form some notion of what the evolution of a bird from a lizard implies it is enough to read two articles in Newton's Dictionary of Birds by Professor Gadow, the one on "Feathers," the other on "Colors," and then,—remembering that no lizard has, nor so far as we know ever had, a feather,—to pay a visit to the Natural History Museum.

In an alcove to the west of the Great Central Hall is a case containing, with other marvels, magnified models of a section of the web of a light feather—a perfect mechanical contrivance for combining, by means of elaborate hooks and eyes and other devices, lightness and strength. The arrangements for decoration are even more amazing than the mechanism of the frame.

In the box used for painting birds, Nature, so far as the learned have as

yet been able to ascertain, has only five cakes of actual colors. There is a black, more than half of it pure carbon; two distinct reds, one of which, containing a good deal of copper, dyes the water when the bird painted with it splashes itself; a yellow and a green, the last containing no copper but a good deal of iron. All color effects seem to be produced by combinations of these, mixed or laid one over another, with or without the help of surface cuttings and polishings. Strange as it may sound when we think of the numbers of Kingfishers and other blue birds to be found almost all over the world, "blue has not yet been discovered as a pigment." The shot metallic colorings of our English Starlings and of the more gorgeous tropical birds are due to surface chiselings on the feathers which (Nature is not wasteful of labor) are to be found only on the parts of the feathers exposed to view.

Without quoting at length Professor Gadow's article, which is a model of condensation, it is impossible to do justice to his subject. But a few lines extracted from the section dealing with "Structural, Prismatic, or Metallic Colors" are enough to give some idea of the wonders of contrivance described. These "prismatic colors change," he writes, "according to the position of the observer," and "they always change in the order of those of the rainbow." They are restricted as a rule to one particular part of the web, "the metallic portions of which are composed of one row of compartments, which often partly overlap each other like curved tiles. In the inside black or blackish-brown pigment is collected; and each compartment is covered with a transparent colorless layer of extreme thinness, e.g., 0.0008 mm. in *Sturnus*" (the Starling family). "The surface of this coat is either smooth and polished as in *Nectarinia*" (the Sunbirds), "or exhibits very fine

longitudinal wavy ridges when the feather is violet, or numerous small dot-like irregularities as in *Galbula*" (bright-colored South American birds which, to the eye of the uninitiated, look many of them not unlike Kingfishers.) "The coating seems to act like a number of prisms. All metallic feathers appear black when their surface is parallel to the rays of the light in the same level with the eye and the light. To the eye of the observer the metallic collar of *Ptilorhis magnifica*" (the Rifleman, Bird of Paradise) will in one position "appear absolutely black;" in others "bright coppery red" or "rich green;" the metallic feathers "of the sides of the breast in the same bird will change" with the position from which it is seen "from black to green and to blue." The "beautiful *Pharomacrus Moccino*" (the Trogon which Montezuma in the days of Cortez kept as a royal bird and with a staff of attendants to wait upon it, and which is now the national emblem of Guatemala, as is the Eagle of a more northerly American Republic) "changes from greenish bronze through golden green, green, and indigo to violet. *Oreotrochilus Chimborazo*" (one of the humming birds) "exhibits the whole solar spectrum, namely, violet and red on the head, followed by orange and green on the back, blue, violet, and lastly purple on the long tail feathers."

When we remember that every feather thus marvellously built and decorated is changed, probably, at least once a year, the marvel is not lessened. Many birds are known to moult much oftener than once in the year.

On the same floor of the Museum as the case arranged to show the structure, uses, arrangement and differing forms of feathers (to the left of the entrance of the Bird Gallery), is another which, though not designed with this object, shows the perfection to which the color decoration of birds is carried.

It contains twenty-six varieties of Birds of Paradise, no two at all alike. One is richly dressed in plain black velvet, and carries as a tiara six emeralds mounted, three on each side of the head, on long spikes. Others are almost vulgarly gorgeous in reds and greens and yellows. Some wear long Court-trains of filmy feathers, in buff, or cream, or strawberry and cream. One, over a mantle of orange gold, wears an Elizabethan ruff tipped with emeralds; another, a still broader ruff brightening gradually to sparkling amethysts at the outer rim. The black head of another is seen, half-hidden through a haze of pale blues and browns. One or two carry tails of honest feathers of which, for length, an old cock pheasant might feel proud. In another the only apology for tail feathers visible when the wings are closed are two stiff little wires curled in circles in opposite directions.

Another—more wonderful, perhaps, than all,—of which there are specimens in the Museum, but which is as yet too rare and precious for exposure to the bleaching effects of sunlight in a glass case (the King of Saxony's Bird of Paradise), carries on its head two wires, reaching beyond the tail, gemmed from tip to base with turquoises.

The development of even a cormorant from a featherless reptile by the mere operation of blind laws would be a tough morsel to swallow. To believe, if any could be found now to believe it, that in birds of the same internal structure, living under like conditions, and in the same surroundings, effects so exquisitely varied as are to be seen in the group of Paradise birds could result without aid from some Omnipotent directing intelligence without, would demand a surrender of reason to faith even more complete than would the acceptance of the inspired poetry of the first three chapters of Genesis as history true to the letter.

Another fact which cannot altogether

be put aside in considering the possible limits of such forces as "Natural Selection," far stretching as they seem to be, is the apparent permanence of existing forms of animal life.

The habits of a bird may change rapidly to meet altered circumstances. Within the memory of middle-aged colonists, a harmless vegetable-eating parrot has become a mischievous bird of prey, feeding when it gets the chance on the kidneys of the sheep on the backs of which it alights. Wood-pigeons—in the country among the wariest and most difficult to approach of birds—in St. James's Park and the gardens of the Tuilleries think it scarcely worth their while to move out of the way of the perambulators. Another pigeon—the tooth-billed—the nearest surviving relation of the dodo, has during the last few years completely changed its habits. It is, writes Doctor Sharp in his "Wonders of the Bird World," only "found in the Navigator's Island, as Samoa is sometimes called. It has perfectly formed wings, but until recently never used them as it had no natural enemies in its island home, and was accustomed not only to live on the ground, but to breed in colonies and to deposit its eggs on the side of a hill. As Samoa became civilized, however, the usual accompaniments of civilization prevailed in the shape of cats and rats, the former devouring the birds, the latter their eggs, and speedy extermination appeared to be the fate in store for the *Didimculus*." These birds have taken the hint in time and are now, happily, a thriving and prosperous colony, "building, feeding and roosting on the high trees."

While on the subject of relations of the poor old Dodo, it is worth while noticing in passing an odd instance of adaptation of form for special ends. On the island of Rodriguez, not far from the Mauritius, which was the home of the Dodo, lived in former days

another bird, in many respects like it—the Solitaire. It seems, according to the accounts left of it by Leguat, a Huguenot, who took refuge in Rodriguez in the seventeenth century, when the Solitaire was still plentiful, to have been a pugnacious bird, and, having little or no use for its wings in other directions—it was a flightless bird—used them mainly as a weapon in free fights for the favor of the females. Nature, apparently with this object in view, doubled the bird's fists. On the wings, wrote Leguat, whom nobody until lately believed, "were knobs of bone as big as a musket ball." Of late years many bones of the Solitaire have been discovered in caves and elsewhere, and have fully confirmed the story. "The number of the bones that had been broken and crushed in life contained in the collections brought to this country is,"—writes Professor Newton, whose brother, Sir Edward, was one of the most successful collectors—"considerable, showing the effects of the *cestus*-like armature of the wing."

As Leguat's story has proved true in one incredible particular, we may accept another tale he tells of this strange bird. "We have often," he says in his narrative, "remarked that some days after the young one leaves the nest a company of thirty or forty brings another young one to it; and the new fledged bird with its father and mother joining with the band march to some bye place. We frequently followed them and found that afterwards the old ones went each their own way alone or in couples and left the two young ones together, which we called a marriage." The French have a precedent for their weddings by family arrangement.

Birds can only too easily disappear either locally or entirely. But for the timely change of habits described above, the "Dodlet" would probably

before now have joined its distinguished cousin in the Valhalla of extinct birds. One of the effects of the great hurricane of September, 1898, was the entire, and so far as can yet be seen, permanent extinction in St. Vincent, in little more than an hour and a half, of a humming bird which the day before had been one of the commonest birds in the island.

Among domesticated birds artificial varieties are produced without much difficulty. A pigeon with a perfectly webbed foot, evolved at Cambridge by only three years' selected crossings, was in January last exhibited as a curiosity at the meeting of the Ornithological Club.

But it would be difficult—perhaps "impossible" would not be too strong a word to use—to point to a single instance in which a wild species has structurally changed in the slightest particular of any importance within the knowledge of man. The elder duck, which now on the Farne Islands sits as closely as an Aylesbury in a farm-yard, and the drake which rides at anchor watching to join her in the open the moment she leaves her nest, are, so far as we know, feather for feather the same as those which twelve hundred years ago were blessed and tamed by St. Cuthbert.

In the vegetable world—as if by way of compensation for disabilities in other directions—forms seem to be more easily changed. A white geranium found in South Africa is said to have adapted itself to the thirsty life of the veldt by developing a bulb like an onion.

But fascinating as such speculations are, it is pleasant to step from the mists and find oneself in the sunshine with the birds as they now exist. On the threshold we are met by a wonderful instance of the care of Nature for her children—a present mystery as great as any in the past.

The heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind.

No one who has only seen dried egg shells in collections can at all realize the perfection of the protection afforded by imitation coloring to the eggs when in their natural surroundings. An enthusiastic collector not very long ago made a trip to the North of Scotland with the object of taking with his own hands the eggs of the Dottrel, which, as he had learnt, was breeding on a mountain side. On reaching the spot the birds rose close by him, and, from the way in which they behaved, he was satisfied that eggs were not far off. But, with practised eyes, he hunted in vain until, when on the point of giving up the search as hopeless, he had put his foot upon them and broken all.

Coots' and Snipes' eggs are other instances of color adaptation to surroundings. Conspicuous as are the flattened heaps of dry sedges which are the usual nests of the coots, it is very difficult, unless very close by, to say whether or not they contain eggs. Not only is the groundwork of the egg an exact match to the general color of the dry nest, but the black spots with which they are freely dotted are perfect reproductions of the "little pitted specks" on the decaying sedge.

The writer, when a few years ago exploring with a friend a marsh by a Broad in Norfolk, was shown by a keeper the exact spot—"five feet from yon bush in line with you"—where the day before he had put a snipe off her nest. The bird rose as the spot was approached, but ten minutes' search or more by two pairs of eyes, not unpractised in looking for birds' eggs, failed to discover the nest. It was not until the keeper who had been called in to help had freely relieved himself by strong language levelled at "them d—d carrion crows which won't leave

a thing in the place" that a glossy Maltese cross of four pear-shaped green and brown eggs, mottled in exact imitation of the wet moss around it, revealed itself to all three at once, in the middle of a tuft of sprits.

A favorite breeding-place of the "Lesser" and "Common" Terns is a pebble-covered flat not far above high-water mark near the mouth of a tidal harbor in Norfolk. Here, too, the likeness of the eggs to their surroundings is so close that only a very sharp eye, unless by accident, is likely to find a nest. A few handfuls of selected stones from the beach have, as an illustration of protective coloring, been placed in a glass-covered box (11 in. by 6 in.) with a few scraps of dry seaweed and other odds and ends gathered on the spot and among them two or three eggs of each species. When the box, placed in a good light, is uncovered for a quarter of a minute or even longer, it is the exception for anyone seeing the contents for the first time to count the eggs correctly.

The "survival of the fittest" seems rather a heartless and not, perhaps, very convincing explanation of a beautiful provision for the safety of a helpless embryo. But, so far, it is the best that pure science can offer.

"It is," writes Mr. Pycroft in his "Story of Bird Life"—a wonderful shilling's worth—"almost certain that originally all birds laid white eggs, as do their cousins-german the reptiles. But as there is at least one reptile in which there is a distinct tendency to produce a colored, rust-spotted shell, viz., the Tautera lizard of New Zealand," so there may have been many birds in which the same tendency developed itself. Of these many would produce eggs much more strongly marked or spotted than their neighbors'. If a number of such birds migrated, say, from the forest-land of their ancestors to the plains or meadows, a process of

weeding-out would quickly begin. For they would probably at once come in contact with new creatures, who would rapidly discover how good eggs were. Thus, those which were even slightly colored would be in so far disguised. Having a taste for *white* eggs their enemies would pass the colored so long as white were to be had. In this way white eggs would become more and more rare, for in course of time the birds which produced these would die, and die without leaving offspring, or so few that they would be swamped by inter-crossing with the newer and more vigorous race who had succeeded in laying colored eggs."

The same process would go on—the nearer the approach of the color to its surroundings the larger the proportion escaping detection—until in the process of the centuries such perfect imitations as the eggs of the Dottrel and Snipe would result, and survive as the abiding type.

Birds, if uneasy for the safety of their eggs, will not unfrequently move them. A Dabchick a year or two ago built her nest in a rather exposed place in the ornamental water in St. James's Park. Before she began to sit she thought it prudent to move it. The nest was cut adrift from the dipping bough, to which it had first been made fast, and towed several yards to a more secluded corner under an overhanging bush, to which it was lashed.

A move of the kind when a nest is a floating raft like a Dabchick's is easy enough. But birds with fewer facilities will occasionally do as much. Mr. Pycroft tells a pathetic story of a pair of Merlins who, after having been fired at several times when on the nest "transported the eggs to a bank forty yards distant, placed a few leaves under them and succeeded in hatching them out."

The Bar-tailed Pigeon of North Amer-

ica has, he adds, several times been seen, when frightened, to carry its eggs from the nest to another tree. But it is not perhaps very generally known that one at least of the larger Penguins habitually carries its eggs about. An interesting note on the subject, very kindly sent to the writer by a member of the staff of the *Challenger*, shortly after the return of the ship from her long voyage of discovery, has unfortunately been for the moment mislaid. To quote it from memory, there is a fold of bare skin, with muscles unusually developed, which practically forms a pouch between the legs. From this the egg of more than one bird killed for skinning was only dropped when the tension of the muscles relaxed after death. It is not difficult to conceive the advantage of such an arrangement to a bird breeding upon ice. It is a curious coincidence that the only approach to a pouched bird should have been found in the hemisphere in which the marsupial is a common type in mammals.

The devices of a Partridge or Lapwing to lead away from the nest are familiar enough to everyone who has lived in the country. But to see the perfection to which such deceptive arts can be carried one of the breeding places of the little Arctic Skua in the Shetlands should be visited. The mother bird can limp like a partridge or drop as if shot from the sky, and lie on her side feebly flapping one wing; and not content with this, will deliberately, when hard pressed, lead on to the nest of a common Gull and then go through an elaborate pantomime of distress.

The Shetland shepherds say, and profess to believe, that the young of the little Ringed Plover, which breeds in the islands in quantities, when they want to escape notice throw themselves on their backs and hold a leaf, clasped between the legs, over their stomachs.

"Elusive coloring" plays a scarcely less important part in the protection of birds than of their eggs. This is the case—to a greater extent probably than we yet realize—not only with such birds as the Night-jar and Woodcock, which, unless the light happens to glance from an eye, may easily be passed on the ground within a couple of yards without attracting notice, but with others which, looked at as dried skins in the hand, seem very conspicuously marked. Mr. Pycroft quotes as an instance of this the Hoopoe—a bird to which, by-the-bye, more than one curious legend is attached. "It is of a rich buff or sand color with a large and beautiful crest on the head and the wings conspicuously barred with black and white. Yet on the approach of a hawk or other enemy it throws itself flat on the ground, drops its chest, and spreads out its wings, and—heigho! as if in obedience to the magician's wand, our bird has vanished: what appears to be a bundle of rags remains in its place. . . ."

The little Bearded Tit, "the fairy of the fens," is an even more beautiful instance of the kind. Visitors to the Norfolk Broads in midsummer who may have caught a glimpse of the beautiful little bird showing itself for a minute or two, a conspicuous object against the green of the young rushes, may find it difficult to believe that when invisibility is most important it is almost invisible. The eggs—to quote from an earlier chapter,—are laid in April when the tall reeds among which the nest is built, an inch or two from the ground, are ripe for cutting. The prevailing tints of the entire district—land, water and sky—are then the cinnamons, straw colors and pale blue grays miraculously reproduced in the feathers of the bird.

The efficacy of elusive tricks and colors is even more surprising in the case of large birds. The Bittern, which

as it stands stiffly with beak pointed upwards is difficult to see among the reeds, which are its usual hiding place, is an often quoted instance; but one, unluckily, not often now to be found in England,—though, according to a writer in the *Spectator*, a pair has lately nested not far from London.

At Blicking,—the home of Anne Boleyn, in days before the additions were built which now make the Hall one of the most stately examples of Jacobean architecture in England,—there has been for a great many years a flock of Cinnamon Turkeys. The birds, which are a small and slender variety of rather doubtful origin, colored as the name denotes, are bred and live in a half-wild state with the pheasants. On the occasion of a shooting party a few years ago, a cover had been driven. Two or three only of the beaters remained inside the fence, poking about in a rather bare corner for a possible skulking pheasant or rabbit. The guns were already moving on, when, like the springing of a mine, thirty or forty great birds rose together and scattered themselves, flying strongly, in different directions over the park. Two were required for the house, and a keeper, borrowing a gun from the writer, who accompanied him, followed, with murderous intent, a party of five or six which had lit on a clump of old oaks in the open, a couple of hundred yards or so away. It was not until the trees, which were leafless, had been searched for some seconds, and a suspicion was beginning to suggest itself that a mistake had been made in the marking, that first one and then all were discovered. They stood rigid and motionless, with bodies stretched and wings pressed closely to the sides, most of them not across but in line with the branches on which they had perched, looking more like broken boughs than birds. No one passing under the trees who had not known the Turkeys were there could,

unless by the purest accident, have noticed them.

The "eclipse" of the Mallard Drake during the moult, which is described and illustrated in all its stages in Mr. John Millar's lately published "History of the British Surface Feeding Ducks," is an even more marvellous tale. For the fortnight during which the Drake is without flight feathers, and as helpless as an Apteryx, bright colors of every kind are dropped and the male wears the homely and inconspicuous dress of his mate, blending perfectly with the fading reeds among which he hides. Even the legs and beak change color.

The devices adopted by birds themselves for the protection of their eggs and young would fill a volume, and very pleasant reading if well written it would be. But the patience of the most long suffering of editors has, like the imagination of man, its limits, and one only—perhaps the most curious yet known—can be mentioned here. The Hornbills, like our own Woodpeckers, are birds which breed in holes in trees. In the forests of Borneo which they frequent are snakes and lizards and many little carnivorous mammals with a taste for eggs and young birds. As a protection, presumably from these, when the hen begins to sit, her mate almost completely plasters up the entrance, leaving only a crack open through which she puts her beak for the food which he diligently supplies to her and her family. The European Nuthatch in much the same way plasters up with mud the door of the hole chosen for a nesting-place, but only to reduce it to a convenient size through which both birds pass freely in and out.

A Scottish maiden in olden days would have thought it beneath her dignity, however well her future husband's house might be provided, to set up housekeeping without a complete

outfit of homespun linen. On the same principle, perhaps, birds in like interesting circumstances seem to think it incumbent upon them to collect nest materials, whether or not they are likely to be of practical use. A pair of Nuthatches lately took possession of a nesting-box placed in a garden in Norfolk. The entrance hole, which had been cut for Tits, was barely large enough for the Nuthatches. The "untempered mortar" was none the less collected, and as it would have been inconvenient to use it in accordance with precedent at the door, the far end of the box was plastered over.

Almost exactly the same thing was noticed in the case of the second brood of a Swallow whose nest with a first family had been taken down and placed in a soap-box. The feathers of the old nest were used again in their old position, but before an egg of the second clutch was laid, a far corner of the box—a foot or nine inches off—was carefully built up with clay.

The highest place among the birds was until comparatively lately assigned to the Hawks and Eagles. They have now been dethroned, and their post of honor assigned to the "Passeres" on the ground of higher development of brain.

The London sparrow at least has no hesitation in assuming his rights. A gentleman a year or so ago was amusing himself by feeding the birds in St. James's Park. A Wood Pigeon had waddled close up to him and was picking up the crumbs at his feet, when a loose projecting feather—one of the undertail coverts—caught the eye of a sparrow, which at once seized it in its beak. The feather did not at once give way. The pigeon strutted off with offended dignity; the sparrow followed, tugging hard at the feather, and in the end flew off with it in triumph to its nest in a neighboring plane tree.

With Rooks, too, which belong to the same order, if only half the stories told

of their well-ordered commonwealths and rigidly-enforced laws, etc., are true, the position which anatomists have assigned to them as birds of a high order of intelligence is amply justified on other grounds than bones and nerves.

The following was given to the writer as a fact, for the truth of which he could vouch, by a general officer of repute, who had then lately returned from a visit to a friend in whose park it had occurred. A gentleman who had succeeded to a property in Dorsetshire was anxious to people a clump of his ancestral elms with a rookery. Having found three or four Jackdaws' nests in unusually exposed situations, he obtained as many clutches of Rooks' eggs from the nearest colony some miles off, and put them in the place of the Jackdaws' eggs, which he removed. His hope was that the Rooks, if reared at the place, might return there to nest and that thus a rookery might be established. With one exception the birds deserted; but one pair accepted the change and the eggs were hatched off. Feathers had already shown themselves on the young birds, and the experiment was promising success when a small party of Rooks visited the park, and, after a short stay, left in an evidently excited state. A few days later a larger party appeared. They attacked and drove the unfortunate Jackdaws from the nest and then went away, leaving two of their number in charge

The Contemporary Review.

of the young birds which, as soon as they were fit for the journey, were taken away, and unless in flocks with others were never seen in the neighborhood again.

Between reason and instinct a gulf is fixed for which no bridge has as yet been or is likely to be discovered. But the one at times seems very near the other. In ornithology, as in every other branch of the knowledge of Nature and Nature's laws, the wisest is still the child picking up pebbles on the beach. Since Newton's apple tumbled from his tree, a few more rocks have been laid bare by the receding tide. But beyond still lies the "untrodden floor" of the ocean.

A man may puzzle himself into headaches as much as he likes in search of causes and meanings; but in the end he will find himself very little farther forward than was the poet of "the Seasons," who—in days when geology was not yet in its infancy, and "Nebular theories" and "Darwinism" were undreamed of, wrote as the only possible summing up of his conclusions:—

These, as they change, Almighty
Father, these
Are but the *varied* God
. . . . I lose myself in Him, in light
ineffable,
Come then expressive silence muse His
praise.

T. Digby Pigott.

THE NEW ACADEMY.

Few pleasanter ways of passing the time can be devised by indolent man than taking down the volumes of Grimm's Letters and hunting through them for their references to the absurdities of the celebrated French

Academy. One good story succeeds another, one outrageous vanity pursues its neighbor down the shadowy path of time; one outrageous imposter forces himself into the sacred arena, whilst another no whit more out-

rageous is kept out. Poets, playwrights, priests, Princes of the Blood, brilliant wits, acrid quacks, men of learning, men of ignorance, rough men and men of exquisite manners, all are to be heard of in Grimm's letters, rejoicing in or contending for membership in this great club—not, indeed, of good fellowship or of actual achievement, but still a great club.

It would materially lighten the burden of a dull existence in these islands were we justified in believing that our brand-new Academy which we owe to the courage of the reigning Sovereign, was likely to provide such excellent material for mirth, satire, and irony as has done, and indeed still does, its French exemplar. Who cannot picture before his eyes Renan, in evening dress, paying the customary morning call on the great Hugo to solicit his vote and interest on Renan's behalf for a vacant chair? The scholar and critic assumed a reverential attitude, and listened with an expression of mingled awe and admiration to the eloquent rhapsodies of the poet and novelist, contented to murmur in those incomparable, silky tones of his, at the end of each period: "*Vous avez raison, Maître.*" The election of a French Academician has always been a great occasion for the exhibition of those humors which, if not the salt of life, are at least its pepper and mustard.

But a glance at the sombre language of the King's Charter is enough to dispel these bright hopes. Not a quip, and hardly an epigram, lurks within its gloomy folds. Its aim is the promotion of the study of moral and political sciences, including history, philosophy, law, politics and economics, archaeology, and philology; and, if report be true, our new Academy owes its existence rather to a laudable desire to enable our savants to

share in certain public bequests open to European nations who possess Academies than to any strong faith in the intrinsic glory of such an institution.

Belles-lettres, those spacious fields of the lesser animosities, are rigorously excluded. Mr. Lecky is the only poet amongst the list of our Academicians; no novelist graces the board. Neither George Meredith nor Thomas Hardy has a fauteuil placed at his disposal. The absence of lawn sleeves is very noticeable, and from a picturesque point of view greatly to be deplored. Lawyers are there, but not a single judge. Bibliography—that great subject in these days—has no representative. The claims of primitive man and early religions are slenderly protected—perhaps an unworthy fear of bloodshed accounts for this. The Hegelians are there, but in no great force. Doctors Salmon and Fairbairn, *par nobile fratrum*, are not likely to quarrel over theology. An Irishman and a Scotchman can always be trusted to shake hands over the unrepresented body of "the predominant partner." Philology, as usual, carries the day. Fourteen of its professors will rule the roost. This is exactly what should be. The great world has long since given grammar the go-by. "Hoti's business" has been settled once for all in the opinion of the modern gabbler. Foolish world! How little it really knows about anything! These fourteen philologists administer a splendid snub to Mr. Carnegie and his millions, and to that American professor who sits at the tomb of the dead languages confidently awaiting the resurrection in Chicago of one greater than Homer.

Yet, forasmuch as Bacon has remarked "a few ostentatious feathers must be allowed;" and having regard to the fact that philologists, philosophers, archaeologists, and historians, to

say nothing of theologians, whether of Irish or Scotch extraction, are not always good after-dinner speakers, or the kind of man who is apt to be reported *verbatim* in the daily Press; and inasmuch as it is desirable that the public proceedings of a British Academy should attract at least as much notice as a Church Congress or the annual outing of the Incorporated Law Society, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Morley have been added to the list of our famous specialists, and may be relied upon to secure the presence of the reporter.

Had belles-lettres been included the fun would have been fast and furious. Technology, philosophy, exact scholarship, original research lie outside the range of a well-read public. We are, then, not bookworms. Students we do not claim to be, save of life; but *de gustibus* we are all connoisseurs. In matters of taste we are our own masters. Have we not, through the happy medium of editors, always on the lookout, particularly during the autumn, for copy they need not pay for, our literary plebiscites? Can we not in the columns of the "Daily Telegraph," the "Academy," and the "British Weekly" vote in our thousands for the living authors who have most mightily affected us, and, indeed, made us what we are? Could we but have a monarch of really popular literary tastes, and the courage of his opinions, what an Academy would be within our reach! Instead of a few ostentatious feathers barely illuminating the gray plumage of the philologist, the archaeologist and the philosopher, the whole assembly would be brighter and more gorgeous than the cockatoos and green parrots who on fine, warm Sundays swing on their perches in the Regent's Park. And how these public favorites would hate each other!—though whether they would hate each other more than do

rival specialists we shall never know, for such an Academy as I have faintly adumbrated we shall never have.

The public has not yet been told how in future our Academicians are to be elected. To be already talking of vacancies is a little lacking in good feeling, but philosophers need no reminding that their immortality is but nominal. Vacancies, alas! must occur. Will the melancholy survivors themselves fill up the empty chair, and may we expect that the newcomer will pronounce an eulogium on his predecessor? I hope this latter custom will be observed—for it lends itself to ironical situations, and will cultivate a branch of humor in which we are very deficient. It will be beggled at first, but in a century or two we shall have caught the trick.

As to the elections, one thing is certain. If a philologist dies, and the sedentary habits of this class of Academician is likely to promote such a catastrophe, the thirteen still left will vote as one man for a philological successor, however much they may hate him. The archaeologists will adopt the same tactics. The lawyers in the Academy, who are all historically-minded gentlemen, may be relied upon to do their best to keep out the lawyer who has gained his experience by what Lord Coke called *Aurea Praxis*! The historians will also insist upon their numbers being kept up. The philosophers can hardly be trusted to vote solid for anything. To replace a theologian will always be a ticklish business. Prudence will here prevail. Professor Cheyne, I predict, will never be an Academician.

Will canvassing be allowed? I cannot fancy a political economist reciting his qualifications to Mr. Robinson Ellis in Trinity College, Oxford, or an aspiring Hegelian puffing his cloud of smoke into the visage of Sir Leslie Stephen in Hyde Park Gate. But the

practice should not be forbidden lightly and without consideration. The discipline would do good to all concerned.

In what precise ways the new Academy will determine to promote their special studies it would be impertinent even to surmise. It is not likely to encourage more prize essays or to crown books or pamphlets; yet its well-considered opinion, publicly expressed as to the merits of any book or learned contribution, would cer-

The Speaker.

tainly do good and reward merit and exertion. As to demerits, it is sure to be silent. "Condemned by the Academy" would be too good an advertisement.

We live in "self-conscious" times, when nobody is great without knowing it. If we cannot be as splendid, we can at least be better organized than our forebears. Everybody wishes well to the New Academy. May it prove as useful a body, and have as proud a history, as the Royal Society!

Augustine Birrell.

SERMON TO THE COLONIAL TROOPS.

SUNDAY, THE 17TH OF AUGUST, 1902 ¹

Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.—*St. Mark* v. 19.

It has been your wish, before returning to your homes, to enjoy the privilege of worshipping God in the Abbey Church of Westminster. In the name of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster I offer you a respectful welcome within these hallowed walls. This church is not like other sanctuaries. It is, as we said of it but the other day, "the Holy of Holies of the British race." Around it, as around no other English church or cathedral, have gathered during long ages the pride, the reverence, the affection, the devotion of England and the English-speaking world. There is no heart in the wide dominions of the King but thrills with a subtle indescribable emotion at the thought of Westminster Abbey.

This is an occasion of unique interest. Never before, I suppose, since the Abbey was, has such a congregation as this assembled for Divine worship in this place amidst the trappings and

adornments of a Coronation. You are going home. Your present service to the Empire is accomplished. His Majesty the King has taken leave of you with grateful words. In a few days you will quit the shores of your ancestors. It will be well for you, and well for us, that your latest memory, as these shores slowly fade from your view, should be of the Abbey.

You are going home. I do not forget that it is your happy fortune to possess two homes. The Old Country is one home. Your own countries are another. I hope and believe that, while you have been in England, you have felt at home here. Whatever faults or failings are innate in the English people, they are generous, enthusiastic, and warm-hearted; they are inspired to-day with an admiring appreciation of the loyalty which the Colonial troops in a critical hour have displayed to the Empire.

But you are going home to your own homes, far from each other and all alike far from Great Britain. You will go as representatives and missionaries of the Abbey.—*Editor*, "The Nineteenth Century and After."

¹ Preached by the Canon in Residence, the Right Rev. Bishop Welldon, to the Colonial troops at the special service held in the

high ideals which have been deeply and permanently impressed by recent events upon the hearts of all subjects of the King. I could almost envy you the opportunity of recounting the lessons of your varied experience. May I not utter the prayer that all you shall say of the things which you have heard and seen may be tinged with a deep consciousness of Divine Providence? May I not use of you, though with distant reverence, the words which the Saviour of the world spoke long ago at His parting from one upon whom He had conferred the blessing of His mercy: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee"?

For you will have much to tell your friends when you go home. You will tell them of the Old Country and its interests and associations, its inspiring memories, its roots struck far down in the past, its hopes and aspirations for the future, its amplifying opportunities, above all its strong response to the strong devotion of its Colonies. You will tell them that it is their country as well as yours. It cannot but be that you will carry away with you after such a visit a quickened sentiment of Imperial responsibility. You have felt the thrill, the glow of Empire. You have realized the solemn national meaning of the Apostolic words "We are members one of another."

But as you look upon the Empire, spreading from land to land and from sea to sea, one question there is which must be borne in upon your minds; it is this—Will the Empire last? Will it go the way of other Empires, ancient and modern, which have risen and flourished, and then have decayed and died? Or does it hold within its womb the seed of permanency? I put the question, and I answer it in two sentences.

The Empire depends for its conservation upon the principles for which it

stands as a guarantee before the eyes of civilized humanity—upon justice and liberty and progress, upon the rights of every individual, upon the sense of public duty, upon true and pure religion. It depends, too, upon the character of its citizens. There can be no great empire of small-minded men and women; there can be no noble empire of an ignoble people. But if character be, as it is, the strength of empire, then are we all divinely called to play a part in an imperial drama. We cannot all be rich or clever or distinguished; we cannot all achieve high triumphs; but there is no one of us—not the humblest or the poorest—who may not lay the offering of his personal self-restraint and self-devotion upon the altar of his country's honor. In this sense are we all the guardians of empire. Only, believe me, character is a thing not easily won; nor can it be easily preserved. It demands all the moral and spiritual resources which God in his mercy vouchsafes to humankind. But it is the one indispensable quality of an imperial people; and I speak from the very depth of my soul when I say to you, in this holy place, you will never maintain empire without character, you will never maintain character without religion, you will never maintain religion without Christ.

You are going home—you will bear with you the solemn memories of war and peace. You will tell your friends when you get home what warfare is. You have seen it—some of you at least—in its grandeur and its terror. It is no child's play, the making or the keeping of empire. Far away on the South African veldt are graves that hold, and will ever hold, a place in your heart of hearts, and will tell you, as you shall tell them who may come after you, what the cost of empire is. You have seen war, and you have seen peace. To-day when the gallant generals of the Boer army are welcomed with a

generous admiration to England, you and I cannot forget the blessing of peace. It will, I hope, be in your power to tell your friends at home that peace, when it was attained at last, was received in England in a spirit worthy of an imperial people, with calmness, with dignity, with moderation, with a sensitive respect for the enemy whom we had conquered, with profound submission and devotion to Almighty God.

The Mother Country and her Colonies have been knit together by the bonds of war and of peace. They have consecrated their union by their joint participation in the crowning of the King. Never before in English history has a Coronation been so striking, so solemnizing as this. Never before has such an assemblage of men been convened from so many distant regions of the earth, over which one ensign floats, as for this august ceremonial. Never were known such abrupt impressive vicissitudes of hope, anticipation, anxiety, dismay, relief, and thanksgiving. It was natural perhaps that in this Abbey, of all places, the height of the dramatic contrast should be reached. Who that was present can forget the emotions of that hour? The last rehearsal of the music of the Coronation Service was in progress. The conductor stood yonder, above the organ-screen, his *bâton* in his hand, the orchestra around him, the numerous choir in the galleries on either hand. Suddenly came a messenger from Buckingham Palace with the news that the Coronation must be postponed. In a moment the scene was changed; we turned from praise to prayer; and they who just before had lifted the swelling anthem to Heaven, kneeling as they were, made supplication to God for the stricken life of the King.

Brethren, our prayers—the prayers of the nation and of the Empire—have been heard. God has given us the life of the King. But who can doubt that

an experience such as this has created a relation more personal and intimate than before between the King and the people who have prayed for his life?

Our hearts were subdued and sanctified: we thought less of man and more of God upon Coronation Day. It may be that that is the truer spirit of the Coronation. For the Coronation is not only the crowning of the King; it is also the hallowing of the Empire. It is the profession that we will exercise our national and Imperial responsibilities as in the presence of the Almighty Judge. It is the declaration that, wherever our Empire extends, we will not be ashamed of the high mission of the Gospel of Christ. For can any words be more solemn or sublime, or more expressive of our national destiny, than those in which the Archbishop addressed the King at the delivery of the orb: "When you see this orb set under the cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer"?

One last thought remains—one more theme of which I know you will tell your friends when you go home. It is the Abbey Church of Westminster. For this church belongs not to England only, but to the Empire; nor to the Empire only, but to the whole Anglo-Saxon race.

You cannot worship here without recalling some of the august memories enshrined in Westminster Abbey. Which shall I choose of them all ere my sermon closes? Behind the high altar lie the bones of Edward the Confessor, the founder of the Abbey. What reflections his name suggests of the passing away of an old civilization and an old religion, and of the merging of two hostile nationalities in one imperial people! There, or nearly there, stood the Conqueror William—trembling, if the story be true, for his crown and perhaps for his life; yet daring not to leave the Abbey, although the flames

were mounting without, until his dubious title to the throne had been sealed by the rite of Coronation. There is the Coronation Chair with the Stone of Scone, whereon the Kings of England for more than six centuries have received their crowns; and if it were necessary to prove by one striking example the continuity of English history, it were enough to remind you that Cromwell himself, at the inauguration of his Protectorship, could not afford to dispense with that historic chair. It was taken, for the only time, out of the Abbey; it was carried to Westminster Hall; and there, sitting upon it, he was installed. Yonder in the aisles of Henry the Seventh's Chapel lie the Queens Mary and Elizabeth, within one grave—*regno consortes et urna*, as the inscription written upon them tells—and Mary Queen of Scots over against them. Hither came another Mary and her husband, William of Orange, to be crowned, at the new birth of English civil and religious liberties; and in their procession up the Abbey, as a symbol of equal rank, the Sword of State was borne between them. Here George the Third received his crown, with his rival, the Pretender Charles Edward, looking on, himself unknown and envying, as he said, least of all "the per-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

son who is the cause of all this pomp and magnificence." Here Queen Victoria came to her Coronation, at the beginning of that glorious reign which may boast, as one of the chief of its many glories, that it saw the Colonies of England united to the Mother Country by sympathetic ties which shall never be broken. And here but a week ago the Seventh Edward was consecrated at his crowning for the high and holy duties of his sovereignty.

I can say no more. But oh! as you dwell upon historic memories so inspiring, so ennobling as these, go home to your friends and tell them—tell them—that God has done great things for them already, that He has called them to an Imperial destiny, and that they must not and shall not prove unworthy of it.

With a full heart I bid you farewell. Unto God's almighty keeping I commit you. The Lord bless you, and guard you, and watch over you in your going-out and your coming-in, by land and by sea, and bring you safely home, and give you His peace and His benediction; and if we never meet again upon earth, as we cannot meet—not all of us—may He grant us in His infinite mercy at the last, when life is over, to meet in Heaven!

J. E. C. Weldon.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" lead him from a youth spent in one of those charming Southern homes which Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith always paints so sympathetically, through the drudgery of a mercantile life undertaken to relieve the family estates from debts incurred in connection with unsuccessful

inventions of his father's, into final success in the artist's career of his boyhood's dreams. The writer's remarkable versatility has never been shown to greater advantage than in this volume. While to most readers its chief interest will be in its fascinating sketches of studio life in New York,

there will be others who will especially value it for its studies of Southern sentiment in the early sixties, with its striking description of the passage of the Massachusetts Sixth through Baltimore, and others still on whom the strongest impression of all will be made by the fine portrait of Richard Horn, the inventor. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Few story-tellers who cater for children understand their tastes better than Carolyn Wells, and the mammas must be many who count on her now for at least one book a year for the nursery shelves. "Folly in the Forest" shows the same blending of fun and fancy that made its predecessor so popular, and the boys and girls who followed its piquant little heroine to Fairyland, last season, will be eager to share her adventures among the famous animals of "Literachooria," "Historalia," and "Mythologia." Reginald Birch's illustrations are admirably adapted to the text. The Henry Altamus Co.

The heir to an English title and estate—stalwart and handsome, but thrown off his mental balance by an illness in childhood and now wavering between imbecility and madness—is the hero of Clara Louise Burnham's new story; "The Right Princess" is an attractive American girl who enters his household in a subordinate capacity; and the spell with which she breaks his enchantment and restores him to the privileges and duties of his position is Christian Science. Mrs. Burnham is always readable, but she is not at her best in this story, which is too obviously written with a purpose. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A "problem novel" in which the human interest is developed in a way to give unexpected and increasing pleas-

ure to the reader is "Luck o' Lassendale" by the Earl of Iddesleigh. It is the gambling problem that is involved, and the narrative traces the influence of horse-racing, company-promoting and the like on the fortunes of the ancient house of Lassendale. Sir Francis, the sanguine, generous, head of the house, Alfred, in prudent possession of a bit of property inherited from the maternal side, and Robert, the young barrister with his way to make, are all clearly individualized, and their sister's personality stands out equally distinct. A brother and sister who represent newer wealth, acquired in the engineer's profession, add variety to the social picture and furnish the element of romance for the plot. From the ethical point of view, the story is effective, in spite of a disappointing weakness at the climax, and it has the readable qualities of the "society" novel, while entirely free from the flippancy and coarseness that mark so much fiction of that class. John Lane.

Of Mr. Carnegie's great gift of the library of the late Lord Acton to Mr. John Morley, *The Spectator* remarks:

It appears that the philanthropist millionaire, finding Lord Acton oppressed by the magnitude of his collection, which exceeded a hundred thousand volumes, purchased it some years ago, but left it with him for life,—a courtesy very rare, though not quite unprecedented, in the history of literature. We hope Mr. Morley may see his way to retain the library for his life, for he is probably the only Englishman living who can use it as well as Lord Acton, and that it may find its place of final rest in Cambridge or Oxford, preferably the former, since the collection was made by a Cambridge Professor. It is by a singular irony that a library collected by one of the first of Liberal Roman Catholics falls to a writer of Mr. Morley's opinions; but he may readily reply that learning and literature are always catholic.

ON THE WELSH COAST.

Blind led by many a friendly star,
 I hurry through a land of sleep;
 For like a trumpet from afar
 I heard the challenge of the deep,
 And down the cliff's thyme-scented turf
 I spring upon the midnight sands,
 And strip beside the whispering surf,
 And give my body to its hands.

It greets me with a giant glee;
 I wrestle in its rough embrace;
 The stinging kisses of the sea
 Are like a scourge upon my face.
 But we who drink its air divine,
 And listen to its endless song,
 We love the buffet of the brine
 That makes our thrilling nerves so
 strong.

Then, on a travelling wave adrift,
 Supine with idle arms I lie,
 And watch the coastwise mountains
 lift

Their kingly summits to the sky;
 While in the pauses of the breeze
 Mysterious voices call and chide,
 For these are Gwalla's faery seas,
 And yonder Snowdon's haunted side!

Or where her masthead lantern throws
 A quivering shaft upon the dark,
 I pass beneath the dipping bows
 Of some belated fishing bark;
 I see by that unstable light
 The bearded faces of the crew,
 And from the desert of the night
 I answer to their hoarse halloo.

Still onward, like a child that sleeps
 Locked in a genie's arms, I speed;
 Beneath me lie the unfathomed deeps,
 But I no thought of peril heed;
 While on that mighty bosom borne,
 And through a world so vast and dim,
 With labor and delight outworn
 I almost slumber as I swim.

Till suddenly the stars have fled!
 For now the night is at its noon,
 And o'er a misty ocean spread
 The silver footprints of the moon;
 And where that shining pathway
 gleams
 Athwart the heaving, shimmering
 main,
 A wandering soul whom love redeems,
 I turn me to the shore again.

Edicard Sydney Tylee.

The Spectator.

OBVIAM.

I needs must meet him, for he hath
 beset
 All roads that men do travel, hill and
 plain;
 Nor aught that breathes shall pass
 Unchallenged of his debt.
 But what and if, when I shall whet
 My front to meet him, then, as in a
 glass,
 Darkly, I shall behold that he is twain—
 Earthward a mask of jet,
 Heavenward a coronet
 Sun-flushed with roseate gleams—In
 any case
 It hardly can be called a mortal pain
 To meet whom met I ne'er shall meet
 again.

T. E. Brown.

A SLEEPING CITY.

The silence of a sleeping city fills
 The hungering soul more than the jar
 and feud
 And noonday noises of the multitude.
 It hath a mystic kinship with the hills,
 With torrents thundering in lonely
 ghylls,
 With shoreless seas, and awful solitude
 Of deserts, where are giant statues
 hewed
 By hands unknown for old despotic
 wills.
 Man's soul is vaster than man's senses.
 Lo,
 Where eye and ear find nothing, ave-
 nues
 More secret open; and by ways untrod
 The stealing thoughts come, silent as
 the flow
 Of inland tides, and tranquilly infuse
 Our muddy shallows with fresh
 streams from God.

F. W. Bourdillon.

DROUTH.

Little voices complain,
 The leaves rustle before the rain.
 Only the trembling cry
 Of young leaves murmuring thirstily;
 Only the moan and stir
 Of little hands in the boughs I hear,
 Beckoning the rain to come
 Out of the evening, out of the gloom.

Katharine Tynan.